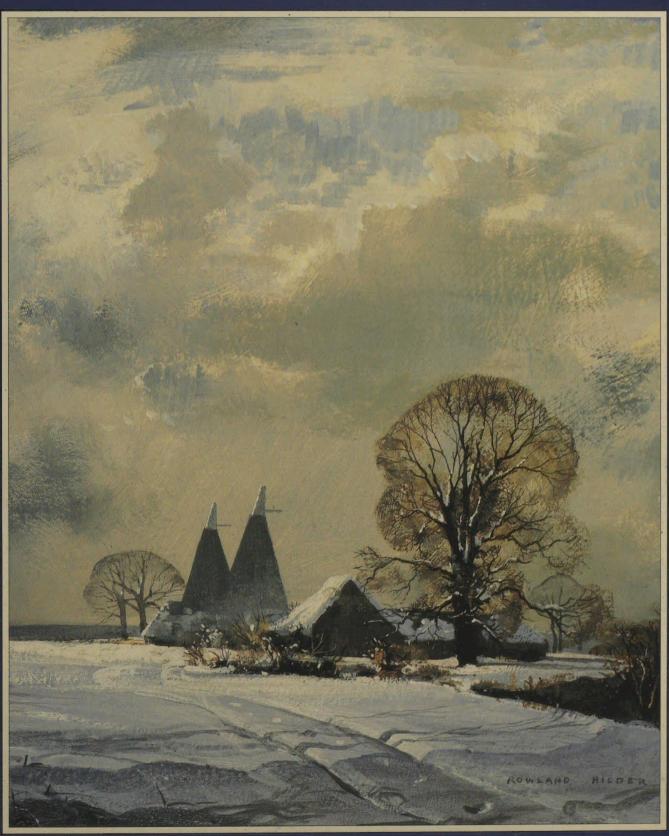
## THE ILLUSTRATED TONDON NEWS,

# CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1985



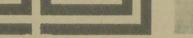




#### **CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1985**



Mazes to amaze.





Winter sports at St Moritz.



The origins of Father Christmas.



Cover painting by Rowland Hilder.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF. Telephone 01-928 6969.

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A disturbing child by the Bishop of Southwark	
Inside the Holy City by Nancy Durrell McKenna	11
The making of St Moritz by Roger Gibbs	16
A brush with wildlife by Roger Berthoud	23
Monopoly passes 50 and collects a fortune by Gyles Brandreth	28
Screaming in the aisles by Jonathan Sale	33
A gift for the Sultan by Marie Buckles	39
The renaissance of the maze by Gareth Davies	42
The magic of Mauritius by David Tennant	50
The flight of the boomerang by Torsten Laursen	54
Cowfold's cloistered Carthusians by John Robert Young	57
London's forgotten sculptor by J. A. Sankey	61
Action replay—short story by Stewart Farrar	65
London's last lamplighter by Micky White	68
A craftsman's art—photographs by Colin Smith	70
The Christmas gift bringer by Ursula Robertshaw	71
100 years ago	74
Christmas quiz Christmas quiz	77
Answers to quiz	82

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#### Château Léoville Las-Cases



#### a vintage for every taste

1970 - Superb color. Bouquet that takes time to open up, with good fruit retention. In the mouth development still slow. Structure complete and balanced. A great year, beginning to show its promise. Patience is required, a wine worth the wait.

1975 - A great wine from a great year. The exceptional conditions of its creation and evolution ensure great distinction when it reaches its peak. Slow to develop, of rare strength and great refinement. A highly recommended vintage that will improve with a few more years of aging.

1976 - From its early youth an attractive and pleasing wine. Very round in structure, fleshy, and smooth with good body. Components already in harmony though not fully matured. A very agreeable wine that one can begin to enjoy now.

1977 - Expressive, aromatic bouquet, floral with a touch of spiciness. Well balanced on the palate. Universally agreed to be a successful wine from a difficult vintage. It has reached maturity and is ready to drink.

1978. - Aroma and finesse characteristic of Léoville-Las-Cases. Remarkable, complex, diverse bouquet. In the mouth a very big wine, well balanced and elegant. A great vintage, living up to the expectations of an exceptional autumn. Those who enjoy young wine will find the '78 almost drinkable now.

1979 - Charm, roundness, and concentration are its major characteristics. Rich in nuances, delicate without being soft. The wine is continuing to evolve; as it develops, these qualities will be shown to greater advantage. It promises a great future. A sure value, worth waiting for.

1980 - Beautiful color, attractive structure, great balance with a good reserve of tannin. A charming wine of rapid evolution. Already well integrated and full flavored. Ideal for drinking now, with the assurance of long life.

1981 - In strength and vitality assuming a position of rank comparable to the vintages of '78 and '79. Less concentrated than '78 but livelier and heartier than '79. In addition to gene-

ral harmony, it is characterized by remarkable staying power and elegance.

1982 - Impressive depth and density of robe. Concentrated and complex bouquet in which the very ripe Cabernet Sauvignon suggests the aroma of red fruits combined with a hint of the vanilla of oak. Mouth-filling, full-bodied, fat, vigorous wine with exceptional tannin. Already well integrated. In full-flavored richness and concentration it reaches heights unknown since the '61 vintage."

1983 - Remarkable dark ruby robe. Bouquet dominated by liveliness of fruit with the first hints of vanilla from the oak. The onset is soft and well balanced; the structure, fine, firm, and concentratedly tannic. Tremendous flavor and fatness. The wine is straightforward with great clarity. A very good vintage comparable to '81 and '78.

The last three vintages — whether one likes wines young or old — are definitely vintages to be laid down for future dripking.

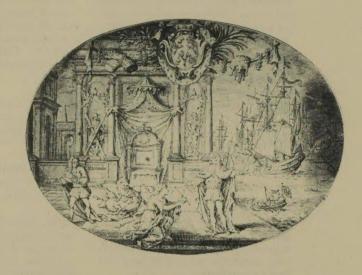




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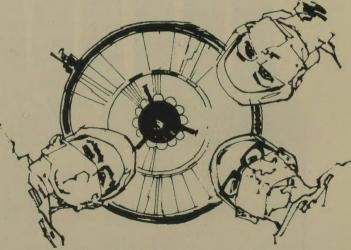
Newcastle 1740

SILVER JACOBITE PLAQUE

by Isaac Cookson

The scene shows the empty throne with the crown and sceptre being offered to the Pretender whilst George II takes flight. The lion of Scotland is seen mauling the horse of Hanover, in the background are the emblems of England and Scotland.

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## DISTURBING CHILD

by the Right Reverend Ronald Bowlby, Bishop of Southwark

I once wrote a Christmas article for a parish magazine in which I used the phrase "a disturbing child" about the birth of Jesus. Ten years later I returned to that part of the world as Bishop of Newcastle and was surprised to find that phrase headlined in a report about me from a local journalist.

I had forgotten all about it. Why had he—or someone advising him—remembered it? So much has been written about the Nativity of Christ, including some of the world's most beautiful verse and music, that it is difficult not to feel a measure of despair at being asked to add to the pile. Yet all of us know how a vision or glimpse of truth can suddenly break upon us, even though we have passed that way a thousand times before. You walk down a familiar street and notice a moulding on a building that you have never "seen" before. You talk to a colleague or neighbour and discover a hidden gift: "Why," you say, "all this time I've known you, yet I never realized you did that!"

Perhaps there was something of that experience for my journalist? Had he just taken Christmas for granted over the years, and now—suddenly—appreciated that there was a depth to this story which he had never suspected? I shall never know, because I never met him. But it came back to me recently when I read two very different sermons about Christmas.

The first, and more recent, is by Jürgen Moltmann, a distinguished Christian teacher from Tübingen in Germany. His sermon is called "The disarming child", and it is based on the famous passage in the book of the prophet Isaiah (Chapter 9, verses 2-7) which is read at so many Christmas services, and which includes the remarkable "prophecy": "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called 'Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace'."

This, says Moltmann, is above all a message of hope for all the people who are powerless and helpless in the world. Like the Cross, it is saying that in the end God's love—however weak it may seem for so much of the time—actually does break the pride and the greed and cruelty of the

world's powerful people. Hence the title of the sermon. The disarming child represents the initiative of God's love on behalf of tormented and suffering humanity. Only by such an initiative can the endless cycle of violence breeding violence be finally broken down.

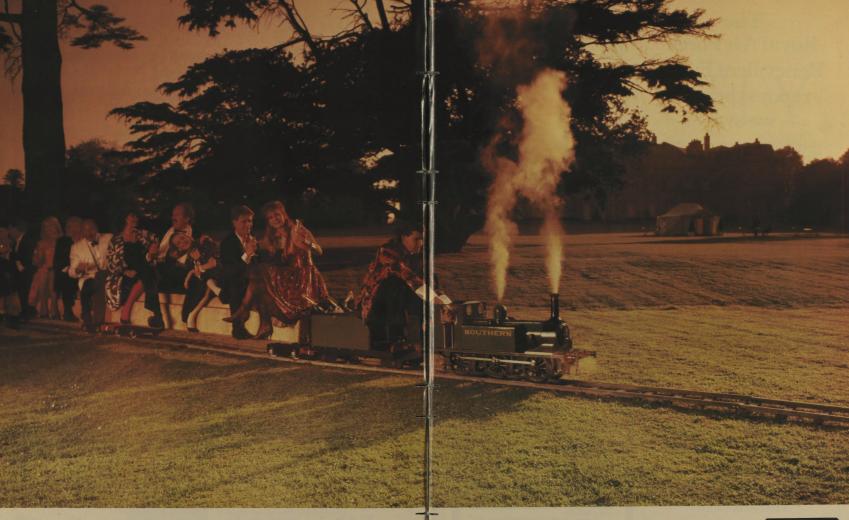
Political solutions which lack this essential dimension of obedience to God's loving purpose for this world will always spiral downwards into yet further violence of a new kind. Germans who have lived under Hitler, and who live now under the shadow of Communist dictatorships, are in a better position than most of us to make that claim.

The second sermon was written by the late Austin Farrer. He called it "A grasp of the hand". Starting with his experience of having his hand grasped by someone unconscious and close to death, he goes on to point out that this was for him a sign of pure affection and trust, coming from someone who, in human terms, was now quite helpless. It moved him strangely, and led him to reflect on the equal helplessness of the child Jesus, clinging to Mary and dependent on her for life itself. In this way, says Farrer, God commends himself to us: and it is in the sharpest antithesis to the way in which we exercise influence and power over one another by our words and actions. Here, once again, we are face to face with the mystery of the weakness of God's

I was fumbling after the same insight when I called the Christ-child whom we worship a "disturbing child". He disturbs me because He makes me realize, as the Cross also does but in a very different way, the wonder of God's love. As John Byrom wrote,

"Like Mary let us ponder in our mind God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind; Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss, From his poor manger to his bitter cross; Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among, To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song."

But not only shall we sing. We are also called to follow, to let ourselves be disarmed of our pride and willing to reach out to others in the power of that same powerless love. And that is a disturbing hand to grasp, is it not?



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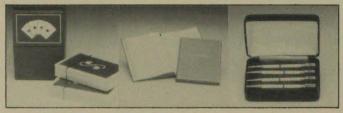
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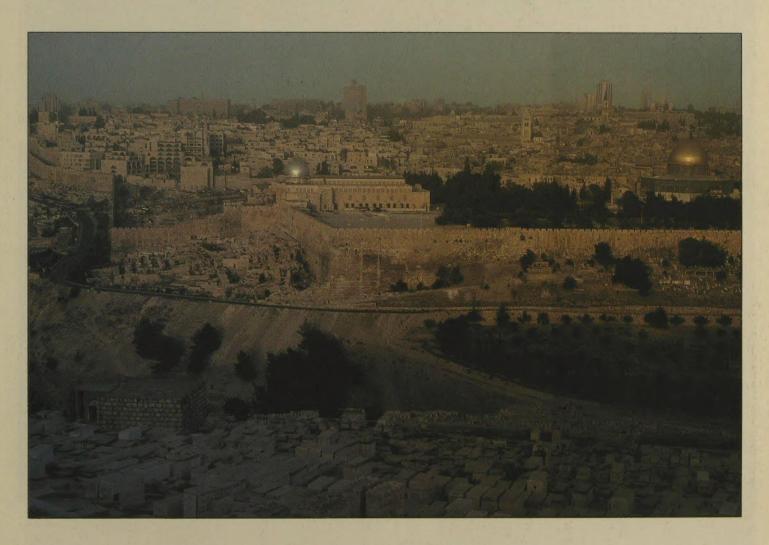
Your legacy, whatever its size, will allow us to give thousands of deprived youngsters the chance of happy fulfilled lives.

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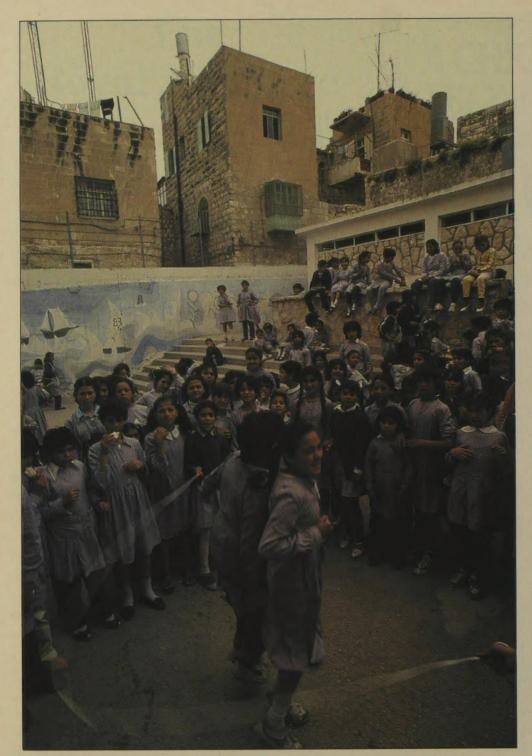
If you want to help us right now, please enclose donation.

The Children's Society.

# HOLY CITY



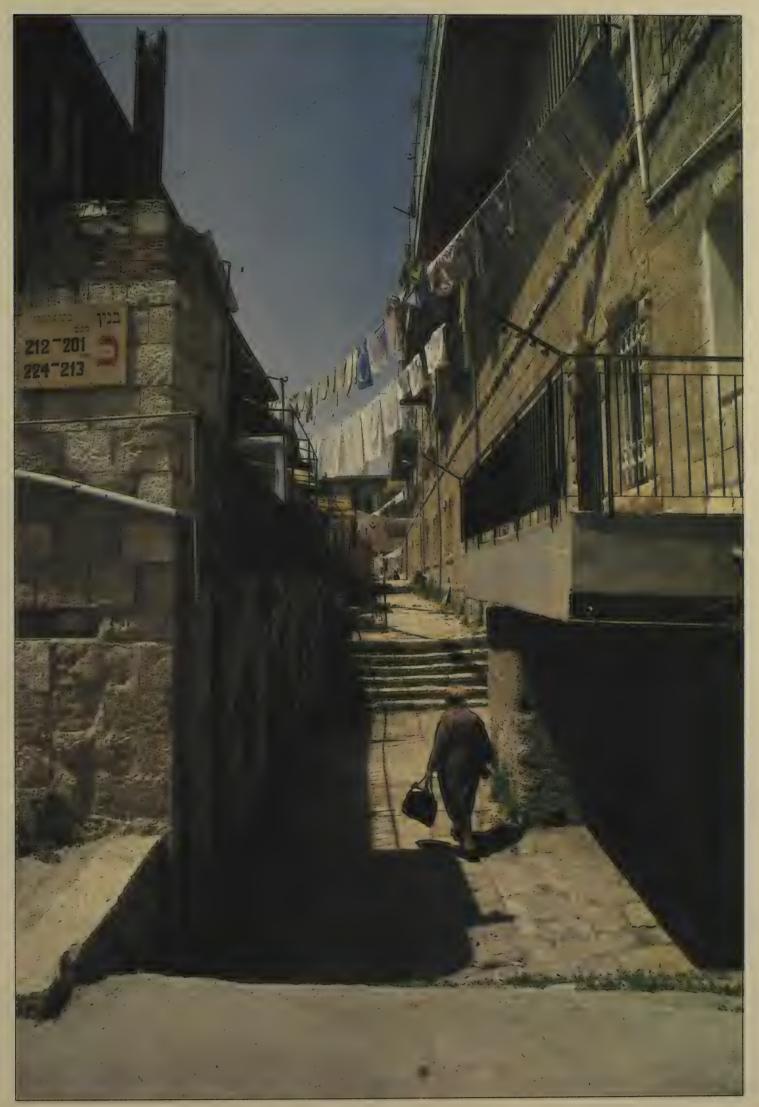
For centuries Jerusalem
has been a centre of pilgrimage for Jews,
Muslims and Christians. The photographer
Nancy Durrell McKenna explores the Old City
(seen above, at dawn from the Mount of Olives)
where the architecture is almost as
varied as the people.



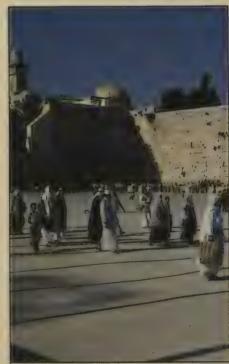


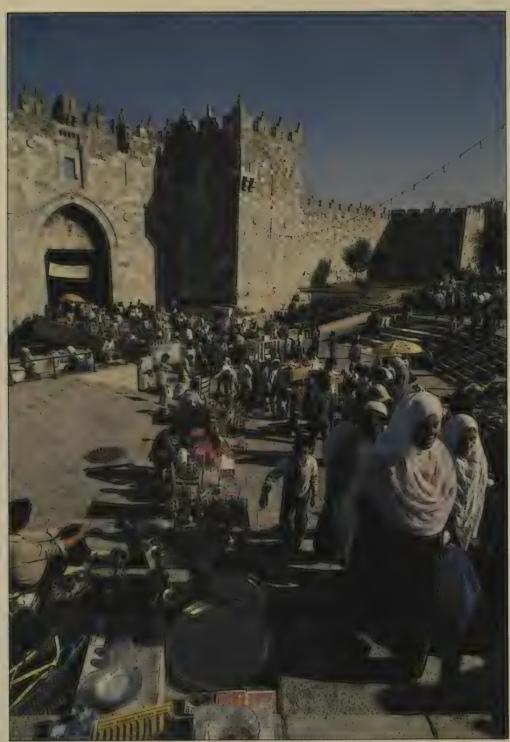


The different faces of life
in the city. Above left, at El-Mulawieh girls'
school in the Muslim quarter of the old city.
Top right, souvenir shop inside the Jaffa Gate.
Above right, one of the city's many
delicatessens serving the Israeli speciality of
falafel—chickpeas pounded, seasoned with
garlic and cumin, and fried. Right, part of the
Orthodox Jewish residential area.









ost of Jerusalem's holy
sites—for all religions—are grouped together in
a small area in the Old City. Top left, the
Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Above left, the
seventh-century Dome of the Rock and the
western wall of the city, built in 1542 by
Suleiman I. Above right, Jews and Arabs
together at the Damascus Gate, one of
Jerusalem's eight gates.



## THE MAKING OF ST MORITZ

by Roger Gibbs



Towards the middle of the last century English invalids began spending the summer and autumn months in the Swiss Alps, hoping to improve their chances of recovery. Dr Alexander Spengler, who lived in Davos, firmly believed that they would derive more benefit from Switzerland's winter sunshine, but most seemed to think his instance, it was the stage for a vintage theory somewhat ludicrous. However, car rally and a firework display that lit Johannes Badrutt, the first of a dis- up the surrounding mountains. One of tinguished line of St Moritz hoteliers, the highlights of the winter season since emphatically agreed with him and in 1864 persuaded a group of his summer flat and over hurdles. By early January guests to come back some six months the heavily snow-covered ice on the later. So much did they benefit from lake is several inches thick, and it their experience that when they returned to London the following March, looking decidedly bronzed and fit, word spread that St Moritz was the is peculiar to St Moritz-ski-jöring, in place to spend the winter.

season, which was its busiest ever, snow. more than three-quarters of its visitors came from overseas. The reasons for its anywhere in Switzerland and also \*\* >

fame are not hard to find: St Moritz is set in one of the most beautiful areas of Europe and has everything other Alpine resorts can offer—and more.

One of the village's most distinctive features is the lake which, when frozen over in winter, is the scene of countless unusual events. Last February, for 1906 has been horse racing, both on the becomes the longest and certainly the flattest racecourse in Switzerland. There is also a type of horse racing that which a man on skis is pulled by a Since then the once tiny village has horse. Last January the lake was the gone from strength to strength. Last setting for the first polo tournament on

Skiing in St Moritz is as varied as



Above, St Moritz from the lake where, right, horse racing on the snow-covered ice has been a highlight of the winter season since 1906.

easily accessible with 60 different ways up the mountains, some of which start from the village itself. The ski lifts are seldom overcrowded during the week. but the occasional Italian invasion at the weekend can make life a little competitive. There is everything from nursery slopes to Lagalb, considered by many to be one of the most difficult world cup courses. It is possible to ski throughout the year on the Corvatsch, which is almost 11,000 feet above sea level. Then there is the cross-country skiing, or langlaufing, whose season reaches its height with the Engadine Ski Marathon, the largest race of its kind, which attracts more than 12,000 competitors each year. Despite its reputation, skiing in St Moritz is no more expensive than at any other top Alpine resort, and indeed is rather cheaper than some.

St. Moritz has more than 50 clubs covering all types of sports. The curling and skating clubs date from the end of the last century and the bobsleigh club is the oldest in the world. One of the most exciting afternoon activities is hang-giding, easily the best way to view the stunning scenery of the Upper Engadine valley.

Those who prefer less stremous activity can enjoy many lovely walks, especially through the woods around the lake or down to the beautiful wilage of Pontresina; and there are also sleigh nides. Should you find that you have over-exerted yourself you can relax in the spa waters which were first discovered more than 3,000 years ago.

The one thing that singles out St Moritz from other Alpine resorts is the Cresta Run, which last season celebrated its centenary. The world's most skilled tobogganers gather at this famous ice run in the gully from St Moritz to the village of Celerina.

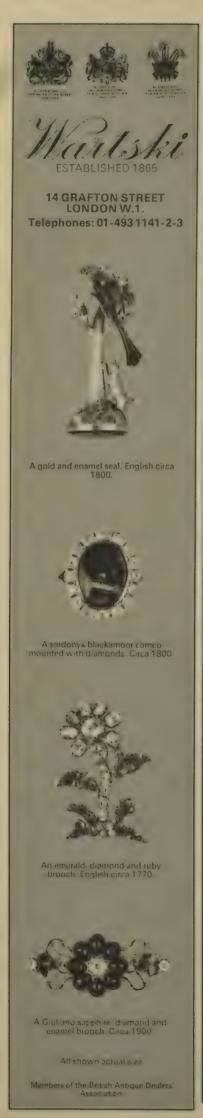
Competitive Alpine tobogganing owes its origins to the distinguished English historian John Addington Symonds, who in 1877 went to live in Davos where he developed a passionate interest in the sport. Symonds, who counted among his fellow enthusiasts Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Robert Louis Stevenson, in 1883 organized a race known as The International down the Davos-Klosters Post Road. Inspired by this race, four Englishmen and an Australian built the first Cresta Run. It has never had any permanent structure and has always been built from soft snow, watered, packed down and shaped with shovels.

In 1892 Peter Badrutt, who had succeeded his faither at the Kulm Hotel, spent many autumn afternoors with Major W. H. Bubjett, the first president of the St. Moritz Toboganning Club, which manages the nding and racing of tobogans on the Cresta Run. They blew up rocks, uprooted trees and built cardiworks to improve their beloved Cresta, and a year later Bulpett even persuaded Badrutt to tap the Kulm's water supply to 

B⇒

Right, speeding down the Cresta Run. The best riders can reach 80 mph.







Skaters on the lake in the 1920s.

ensure better icing on its upper banks.

The Cresta is now more professionally and skilfully built than ever before, and the best riders achieve speeds up to 80 mph. Franco Gansser, the fastest ever Cresta rider from the top of the Run, last February set up a new record of 51.68 seconds. One hundred years ago, in the first race on the Cresta, the fastest time was 100 seconds.

Winter sports in St Moritz have to a large extent developed from the historical rivalry between Davos and St Moritz. These villages have always competed against each other at almost any sport they could think of and in February, 1896, they even played one another at cricket—on skates! The ladies, determined not to be left out, held their own cricket match that same day. The Davos team was destroyed by Lottie Dod who, fresh from five victories in the ladies' singles at Wimbledon, took five wickets for four runs in a devastating opening spell.

Around this time ladies started to ride the Cresta, and it was not until 1929 that they were banned on medical grounds. In the intervening period there were some amazingly talented and determined women who often defeated all but the most successful men. There is a long-standing debate as to who was the greatest. Statistics insist that it was Ursula Wheble, but I have always thought that Mrs J. M. Baguley was in a class of her own.

Anyone waiting to go down the Cresta for the first time is full of apprehension, which on the Run is replaced by sheer terror. If a rider faithfully carries out the strict instructions he is given, he will almost certainly complete the course and arrive at the village of

Celerina safely, maybe a little bruised but unquestionably elated. It takes many years to become an accomplished rider and only a few reach that stage. Those who do invariably have the following attributes: a good eye, a fine sense of balance, judgment of pace, nerve and considerable powers of application.

One of the Cresta's most famous competitors was the delightful Livio Ciparisso. Before a big race he would get up soon after 6am and go down to the Run to walk certain parts of the course and to study the condition of the ice. Once he had checked his equipment, had become mentally attuned and was ready to compete, he would pace up and down in the starting area for as much as half an hour before the race began, concentrating so hard that he would be oblivious to what was going on around him. In 1967 I remember asking him a particular question just before one of the most important races, the Curzon Cup, which, incidentally, he was about to win for the third consecutive year. Although Ciparisso is a good friend of mine, I might as well have been talking to a brick wall.

Many say riding the Cresta is the ultimate challenge. You wait your turn at the top of the Run, watching your rivals disappear head-first down the course. They speed down an average gradient of 1 in 7.7 and with a total fall of 514 feet, all on ice with their eye-level only inches above the Run. Occasionally the bell in the control tower rings three times, indicating that a rider has fallen. Colonel Digby Willoughby, a distinguished Gurkha officer who organizes the riding on the Cresta, informs spectators over the loud-

speaker that the rider is either "apparently unharmed" or that an ambulance is needed—none of which is particularly good for the nerves.

At last your turn arrives and you enter the starting box. Your name is called, the bell tolls and you are free to start. On some occasions you are not that keen to do so, but the potential loss of face ensures that you always do. You run with your toboggan for a few strides which, even with the help of spikes, is a tricky task on ice. Soon you are 100 yards down the Run and nicely positioned for the road bridge above Church Leap. The relief at actually being in the Run soon evaporates as you speed down the 1 in 2.8 Church Leap through three very sharp corners, past the Clubhouse and down the straight at almost 60 miles an hour, then right-handed round the corner of Rise, steadying the toboggan before taking the next bend, Battledore, and diving off into the notorious lowraking corner Shuttlecock that on average claims one rider in 14.

Once round Shuttlecock you move into the right-handed Stream before speeding on your way down the long Straight towards the road bridge at Bulpetts. As you go under the railway bridge at Scylla and left-handed out of that corner to the final formidable bend of Charybdis you are now moving at 70 mph. Down the Leap for another 100 yards and over the finishing line at close to 80 mph. An expert completes the  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile course in 53 seconds or even less.

Winning any Cresta race is a fine achievement, for all are highly competitive. There are riders who think that to arrive safely at the finish at all is a miracle, and in some cases it is.

# COGNAC loserie des Lilas

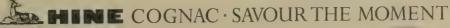
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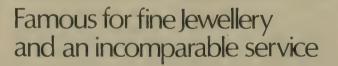
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## A BRUSH WITH WILDLIFE

by Roger Berthoud



Wildlife artist Martin Knowelden in his studio, weighing Saster, his Ferruginous Hawk, who proved to have dined too well to be "sharp".

In the Coffin Shop Studio at Horseheath, a small village near the Suffolk border of Cambridgeshire, a scrabbling sound is heard at floor level. Martin Knowelden, wildlife artist extraordinary, says: "Ah, that will be Bollinger," reaches down, and from an air-vented wooden box brings up Bollinger himself, a champagne-coloured ferret of unlovely odour but some charm. Bollinger, who is two years old and an experienced rabbiter, is held up for inspection. His smell, Knowelden points out, is what stampedes the rabbits from their burrows. Should any unwisely linger, Bollinger has formidably large teeth in relation to the size of his head.

It was, however, not animals but fish which drew Knowelden into the limelight two years ago, with the publication of an updated version of Izaak Walton's classic, called *The New Compleat Angler*. A combination of Knowelden's superb illustrations of salmon, trout, pike, roach, rudd and other species; a text both readable, informative and literate by Stephen Downes, a

research biologist at Cambridge University; superb design by Knowelden's former associate Rupert Brown; and a bargain price from Orbis Publishing (initially £10, now £12.95) has helped it to sell a remarkable 44,000 copies in hardback in the Englishspeaking world, and several translations are in hand. As a bonus Knowelden's original paintings and drawings virtually sold out when shown at the Tryon Gallery in Cork Street, W1.

After basking briefly in this success, he and Downes took up their publisher's suggestion of doing another book. The Izaak Walton idea had been Knowelden's, with Downes agreeing to supply the words. Now Downes had an inspiration: to do the same sort of updating of a very early classic text on falconry, De Arte Venandi cum Avibus (About the Art of Hunting with Birds). It was written in the 13th century by Barbarossa's grandson Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, Holy Roman Emperor and King of Arles, Sicily and Jerusalem. Recording in great detail the fruits of 30 years of falconry, it remained an unsurpassed scientific treatise until the 19th century. Knowelden, whose twin passions were falconry and lurchers, enthusiastically agreed to do the illustrations, on one of which he was engaged when I arrived.

Outside the Coffin Shop Studio (socalled because two craftsmen made coffins of oak, ash and beech there until a decade ago) two kestrels sat tethered to perches on the lawn. Knowelden uses them simply for practising the skills of falconry, like training them to return to the fist in response to a lure after flying free, which they do each day. Sometimes he uses them, with dramatic effect, to clear starlings from the hangars of nearby Duxford airfield.

The pinnacle of falconry, Knowelden explained, is to train and hunt a female Peregrine (the female is larger and keener than the male or tiercel). The very cheering fact that there are now some 800 breeding pairs of Peregrines on Britain's west coast is at least in part attributable to the knowledge and breeding skills of falconers, he believes, and techniques learnt from

falconers are helping to reintroduce the Sea Eagle. The hunting hawk Knowelden has at present is Saster (gypsy slang for scrap iron), a Ferruginous Hawk which is the largest of the buzzard family—a native of the north American plains, but in this case hatched here in captivity two years ago. Buzzards tend to be rather lazy, dropping from a vantage point on frogs, mice or large insects as they pass by. But the Ferruginous Hawk is required by its barren habitat to be rather sharper, and is thus a useful hunting hawk, albeit in no way a stylish one.

The great rust-coloured hawk was mewing like a baby by her perch, and we decided to put her through her paces. Like boxers, hawks are weighed before performing. If too heavy, they tend to be lazy, if too light, debilitated. Alas, Saster had dined handsomely the night before, and weighed in at an unpromising 3lb 15oz. With help, Knowelden fitted the leather jesses to her legs, donned his falconer's glove, urged her on to his wrist, and we



set off to a field near by. The jesses were released and Sister flew off and sat on the back of a bench some 50 yards off, to the alarm of the local startings. To show how she would, all being well, return to his wrist, Knowelden preduced a dead chick and weaggled it tantalizingly on his leather, glove. For a few minutes she ignored it. "You see, a couple of ounces either way is pretty

critical," he said a bit apologetically. At last Saster cocked her head and soon her huge wings were working their magic to bring her down on the gloved wrist, where she tore and devoured the chick with a good enough show of appetite. A second attempt at the exercise, this time using a lure in the form of a weight wrapped in a rabbit skin, produced an even more delayed reaction. But when Knowelden duly rewarded her with another chick, she drew blood from his ungloved hand in her haste to get at it. "One of the rules of falconry is: if you don't want to get cut, don't take it up," he said, staunching the blood. Seeing Saster up on his left wrist, beak not far from his left eye, I wondered whether he did not sometimes fear for his face. "Yes, always," he replied, "But it's the feet you really have to watch."

teet you really have to water."

Nothing in Knowdden's back-ground predestined him to such sports—or indeed to painting. His artistic talents sprang from nowhere. "My mother still has a drawing on a brown paper bag which I did when I was two, of a mouse and a horse." he recalls. "My father was a factory worker and labourer from a large East End family. He had been a boxer for prize money, and he played the saxophone in the Depression. He could turn his hand to anything."

Martin was brought up in Hertfordshire, mainly at Borehamwood, but there is still something about him of the cheeky East End lad who cannot quite believe he has made good. It all really started, he said, when he went from the local grammar school to the art school at Watford Technical College. He was licky enough to be taught there by the painter Anthony Whishaw, who believed that an ability to draw welt, look at things with a pencil, was a necessary foundation for further achievements.

From art school he went into adverments, but 18 months in four or five
agencies left him despondent. A job in
BBC TV's graphics department suited
him much better, and he spent eight
years first at Television Centre and
then with ATV at Borehanwood. "It
might still be there, except that 1 ->>

The Goshawk—a study for the next Knowelden/Downes book, on falconry.



Leopard trout seen from a footbridge and, opposite, a burbot on a line: two of Knowelden's studies for The New Compleat Angler.



suddenly found myself a victim of technology when the computer started doing TV graphics more cheaply and quickly than I could. I saw the writing on the printout, you might say. I'd been doing some freelance illustration, mostly for children's books and wild-life publications, and decided I had better turn freelance."

That was 15 years ago. First he did commercial illustration and some work in animated films (where again the computer took over). Then he began to get commissions for the wildlife painting he had been doing in his spare time. He was greatly encouraged in his "fine art" activities by Ivor Giblin, a friend and antique dealer specializing in 18thand 19th-century sculpture and early pottery. "In the course of a year, with his guidance and help, I sorted out a longer-term view of what I was going to do. He had faith in me, and he was a marvellously inspiring character. He introduced me to sculpture, taught me about the traditional techniques, and arranged my first exhibition in Kensington-paintings and four pieces of sculpture. It was very successful, and more or less opened the gate." Giblin died 18 months ago.

Knowelden paints mainly in muchdiluted oils, which make great precision and delicacy possible and reproduce superbly well. His bronze sculptures of animals and birds—a heron fishing, a pike among reeds, two flying partridges, a running hare and so on—are like three-dimensional extracts from his paintings.

Ever since childhood he has kept animals and birds, often nursing injured ones back to health. When, 12 years ago, he moved from London to Cambridgeshire—where he lives at West Wratting with his wife and their two children—he started breeding and training lurchers, those crossbred greyhounds dear to gypsies and poachers, with which he loves to course hares. His brand of coursing is no cruel spectator sport, but a solitary, almost primitive hunt for meat for the pot. "I find there is a compulsion in perpetuating the skills that involve a complete cycle-from breeding the dog right through to cooking an extremely good jugged hare and sharing it with friends." He greatly admires the heavy, strong hares of the East Anglian flatlands—they have to be big and robust to make good speed over heavy soil.

He is fascinated by the symbiotic relationship of predators and prey, which leads stoats, weasels and Shorteared Owls, for example, to rear large families when voles are plentiful, and when they are scarce sometimes even to miss a breeding season. With all too few natural predators left, he sees nothing wrong in man doing some modest culling by natural meansthough guns, he believes, do more harm than good. And, with the growing public interest in the countryside, his work as an illustrator seems certain to prosper—even if, so far as the next book is concerned, the world has rather fewer falconers than fishermen.

An exhibition of Martin Knowelden's paintings and drawings is at the Pallant House Gallery, Chichester, from November 16, 1985, to January 4, 1986.

## MONOPOLY PASSES 50



#### by Gyles Brandreth

The year was 1930; the place, Germanstown, Pennsylvania. Charles Darrow, like millions of other Americans, was a victim of the Depression. An out-of-work heating and engineering salesman, he was resourceful and determined, and he managed to support himself and his family by doing an odd job whenever he could get one. He would take on anything—painting and decorating, mending old irons, mowing lawns, walking dogs—but in idle periods he liked inventing things.

His early inventions included a bat and ball game and a simplified bridge scoring pad, but his ambition was to invent a new board game.

· A property game called The Landlord's Game had been patented in 1924 by Elizabeth Magie of Virginia. It was intended as propaganda for a theory of

taxation—the "single tax" theory expounded by Henry George—and involved trips round a playing board buying property and charging rents. Other similarities with Monopoly are the nine spaces between the corners, "Go to Jail" corners, railways, the Electric Company and waterworks, and a bonus for passing "Go".

But despite these similarities Darrow's game was genuinely different and the special feature of Monopoly, that sets of property must be acquired before houses or hotels can be built, was entirely original. The design of Darrow's board was unique, too, inspired by happy memories of the holidays he and his wife had spent in Atlantic City in better days.

Materials for the prototype Monopoly set were all close at hand. The board was made from a piece of oilcloth table covering, the houses and hotels from scraps of wooden moulding; the tokens were charms from a bracelet of Mrs Darrow's. Cards and title deeds he drew up by hand.

Despite the primitive equipment, word began to get around that Monopoly was "some board game". People in the neighbourhood were soon asking Darrow for sets of their own. Demand grew and Darrow had to contract out the board production to a jobbing printer friend thereby increasing his output to six sets a day, which he sold for \$2.50 apiece. But demand continued to grow and soon the complete operation was contracted out.

Sets were sold to friends, acquaintances, neighbours, and then to department stores in Philadelphia. But »>>



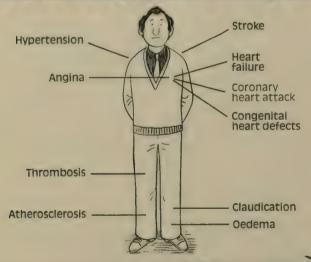


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when orders for wholesale quantities came in Darrow realized he had to decide either to raise the capital to manufacture and market Monopoly in a big way, or to sell the idea to a games manufacturer for a royalty.

He was unwilling to take the financial risk himself, so he approached the world's largest games manufacturers, Parker Brothers. Edward P. Parker later recalled: "After Darrow left, the executives played the game several times and, although we enjoyed it, everyone felt it could never be a popular success. It violated several of what we had always considered the elementary rules for a family game. We felt that 45 minutes was about the right length of time for a game—Monopoly could go on for hours. A game was supposed to come to a definite end—in Monopoly you kept going round and round. The rules involving mortgages and rents seemed much too complicated. The decision to turn it down was unanimous."

Parker Brothers rejected the game on the grounds that there were "52 fundamental errors" in its design. Darrow was disappointed, even angry, and so he kept on making and selling the game himself. By Christmas, 1934, he was working 14 hours a day to keep up with orders. He had 5,000 Monopoly sets made up for the Christmas season, and he sold them all, bringing total sales for the year to 20,000.

By now the game was being distributed to stores in New York as well as Philadelphia. One of the people who bought a set from the New York toy shop F.A.O. Schwartz was a close friend of Sally Barton, the daughter of Parker Brothers' founder and wife of the then president. Captivated by the game, she passed on her enthusiasm to Sally, who in turn told her father and husband. By this time Parker Brothers' sales representatives were also coming back with ecstatic reports about the game, and in 1935 the company approached Darrow with an attractive royalty agreement.

"I gladly accepted and have never regretted that decision," Darrow wrote later.

On the rich royalties he was able to retire at 46 to become a gentleman farmer in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He developed a keen interest in foreign travel, home movies and the cultivation of rare and exotic orchids. Although he continued inventing games, none equalled the success of Monopoly. He died at 78 a multimillionaire, leaving his heirs a huge fortune in royalties.

Parker Brothers refined the game, clarified and simplified the rules and launched it nationwide in 1935. It became the biggest thing the company had ever handled and they were soon

producing 20,000 sets a week. As the next Christmas season approached, unprocessed orders had to be stored in laundry baskets lined up in the corridors. More than a million sets were sold that year—but they still thought it would be a passing craze. In December, 1936, it was decided to stop manufacturing Monopoly altogether, but the sheer weight of continuing public demand put an end to that idea.

Parker Brothers could just about cope with the demand for Monopoly in America, but for overseas sales the game was made under licence. Waddingtons of Leeds got the British licence and decided that the game would have more appeal in Britain if the original Atlantic City place names were changed. One of the directors' secretaries was asked to take a walk around London "to get the right names", the railroads became railway stations and the dollars were changed to pounds.

Waddingtons have manufactured Monopoly ever since, apart from briefly during the Second World War. But Monopoly played its part even in our darkest hour. The War Office commissioned Waddingtons to produce games which, if properly used, would help prisoners of war. The company quickly realized the significance of the phrase "if properly used" and a secret department was set up to introduce into the Monopoly boards silk maps showing the escape routes from whichever prison each game was sent. Into the other side of the board was inserted a tiny compass and several fine-quality files. The Monopoly money was replaced by money of the country of destination—German, Austrian or Italian.

Monopoly has changed little over the years. It was revamped slightly in 1972, when the houses, hotels, ship and racing car tokens were redesigned, and the tokens increased in size. The dice and the title deed cards were also enlarged, and the money printed on both sides to make it more like the real thing. But these were minor changes: board and box remained the same.

It is now manufactured under licence in 32 countries, spanning five continents. It has been translated into French, Afrikaans, German, Dutch, Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian, Hindi, Greek, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Arabic and Danish. Versions in different Spanish dialects are used in Colombia, Venezuela and Spain, and there are three versions in Spain itself—Madrid Castilian, Barcelona Castilian and Barcelona Catalan.

Property locations are usually changed to local street names and the money into local currency. The American Park Place and Boardwalk became Park Lane and Mayfair in Britain, Rue de la Paix and Avenue des





Champs-Elysées in France, Paseo de la Castellana and Paseo del Prado in Spain and Parkstrasse and Schlossallee in Germany. The Arabic version, manufactured and exported by Waddingtons, uses translations of the London street names; the Japanese version translates the original Atlantic City street names.

Players' tokens in a British Monopoly set are a dog, a top hat, a racing car, a boot, an iron and a ship. In Canada they are a cowboy, a wheelbarrow, a sports car, a shoe, an iron, a clog, a top hat and a thimble. Switzerland uses plastic tokens in the form of a mushroom, a man with a ladder, a

four-leaved clover, a pig, a gnome and a ladybird. In Peru they use a dog, a steamship, an oboe, an iron, a racing car, a cannon, a train and a llama. But in Holland, Colombia, Lebanon and Spain, for example, no differentiation is made—all players use the same type of counter.

In Cuba, Castro denounced Monopoly as "symbolic of an imperialistic system" and ordered all sets to be seized. But it is rumoured that Monopoly is still played there by undercover enthusiasts. It is also suspected that in East Germany, where Monopoly is also banned, Communist officials smuggle in sets from the West

Above, the 50th anniversary edition of Monopoly. Left, the man who started it all: Charles Darrow. His brilliant invention made him a multi-millionaire and allowed him to retire at 46.

for their own entertainment—the party bosses, in fact, have a Monopoly monopoly. In Russia the game is outlawed as "a decadent instrument of capitalism", but during the 1959 American National Exhibition in Moscow the six Monopoly sets on display had all disappeared by the time the exhibition ended.

The fascination of Monopoly leads some enthusiasts to extreme measures. Wheeling and dealing in the comfort of their own living rooms is not enough, and they feel compelled to play the game in lifts, in tree-houses, in bathtubs, underground, under water, even on balance beams.

In 1974 eight teenagers in Greeley, Colorado set an extraordinary record for playing the game underground. They played in a hole measuring 10 feet by 4 feet by 4 feet, dug by two of the boys in their back yard. The underground marathon lasted 100 hours, and they were suitably rewarded with a huge cake decorated as an exact replica of a Monopoly board.

For the longest anti-gravity game, the board was drawn on the ceiling of the players' room and, using helium-filled balloons, they managed to play for 36 hours.

The largest outdoor game of Monopoly (550 feet by 470 feet) was played in 1967 by students from Juniata College in Huntington, Pennsylvania. Actual campus streets were used, the dice were large foam rubber cubes thrown from a third-floor fire escape,

the tokens were people, and the players used walkie-talkies to relay their moves to one another.

A life-size game, using the actual streets that correspond to those on the Monopoly board, has been played in London. The players, a group of Boy Scouts from Chelmsford, moved from one location to another according to the throw of the dice using whatever means of transport was available—bus, Underground or on foot. "Go" was Scout Headquarters in central London. Players who landed on "Go" had to report there. Players passing "Go" were given the cost of a telephone call so that they could report their positions.

One of the most popular locations for marathon Monopoly sessions appears to be under water. The record belongs to the Buffalo (NY) Dive Club: in 1983, 350 divers in wet suits played in relays for 1,080 hours, non-stop.

The first attempt at a sub-aquatic record was in 1967, and it set Parker Brothers a poser-how to stop the board and money from disintegrating in the water and how to stop the playing pieces from floating to the surface. The attempt was being made by a group of divers from New England Divers Inc in Beverly, Massachusetts, and they called on Parker Brothers to see what they could suggest. The company's engineers worked for three weeks and finally emerged with a Monopoly set that weighed 95lb. The board was backed with a steel plate and laminated with cellophane. The houses and hotels were filled with steel wool. The title deed, community chest and chance cards were sandwiched with metal and laminated in cellophane, thus producing a game which was both waterproof and submersible.

The game is played everywhere by everybody. The Pope has played it, the Queen has played it. In outer space American astronauts have played it. In 1963 the "Great Train Robbers" played it in their hide-out in Cheddington, Buckinghamshire.

Parker Brothers reckon they have sold more than 90 million sets since 1935. They have built more than three billion little green houses, making them by far the biggest property company in the world. The amount of Monopoly money printed daily far exceeds the actual dollar output of the US Treasury. Waddingtons have sold over 15 million sets in Britain alone—that is more than 480 million houses and nearly £200,000 million in Monopoly money. You can't argue with success.

Happy birthday Monopoly!

Gyles Brandreth is a former European Monopoly Champion and author of The Monopoly Omnibus (Collins Willow, £8.95).



Put Drambuie on your present list this Christmas

## SCREAMING IN THE AISLES

by Jonathan Sale

We had never heard screaming like it. We could not see in the dark, but it came from a girl right at the front. Her shrieks rose and fell, never quite dying away. Each time fangs glittered in the candlelight or a hand withered and blew away in the morning breeze, her howls redoubled—and so, it seemed, did her enjoyment.

My friends had warned me what might happen. I had never seen a horror film, so we had gone to the classic *Frankenstein*. We were now just catching the last reel of a Hammer *Dracula* movie in the same double bill.

The credits finally rolled—not before time as far as I was concerned—and then Dr Frankenstein's castle filled the screen. The young screamer in the front row was helped out of the auditorium and I felt it could be only a matter of time before I joined her.

Frankenstein! The story of the monster and his creator, written by Mary Shelley and published in 1818, was first brought to a wider public in the classic 1931 film with Boris Karloff as the monster. And now it was being brought to a smaller public which included me and my friends in Row M.

We had never heard laughter like it. It crackled out through the darkness, it hammered into the sound-proof ceiling, it exploded and faded but never quite subsided despite attempts to keep it under control. It was coming from us lads in Row M.

The fuzzy quality of the print, the far from quadraphonic sound, the clumsy changes of scene, the creaking movements of the monster made of spare parts, the would-be fiendish professor waiting for the lightning to jump-start his do-it-yourself Neanderthal man into some sort of life, the dwarfish servant who pushes the monster too far ("Look out—behind you, Fritz!" we yelled) were all hysterically funny. Still spluttering, we helped each other down the aisle as the credits rolled.

Why bother with a horror film, we asked ourselves, when the Marx Brothers were on at a rival fleapit?

The answer is that each decade enjoys its own brand of horror. In the 1930s horror films often had an upperclass house-party setting according to *Punch* critic Sheridan Morley, who



says: "Ghouls in those days knew their place, which was somewhere below that of the butler and required a certain amount of servile doubling-over at the waist. They also disappeared at daybreak, thereby leaving the morning clear for the hero to play a little tennis." Whatever the merits of high-class horror, "there was never much danger that anyone would take them for real".

The kind which I find truly terrifying is typified by the next film I saw, Rosemary's Baby, made by Roman Polanski in 1968. Starring Mia Farrow, this begins as a mundane saga of a couple moving into a new flat and furnishing it. They soon meet the neighbours. Not a monster in sight.

Only when the audience has been

lulled into false security by the prosaic realism does the plot change gear. A witches' coven uses the flat next door... I won't go on. For although I refrained from screaming out loud, the film kept me awake for quite long enough at the time, without my dredging up old memories.

There is no doubt about it. Horror films can be horrific. That makes their appeal all the more bizarre. As Peter Cook once said, people do not go to the cinema to see rape and blood and violence when they can get all that at home. But they do go to horror films. Why?

"The anticipation of fear," was the verdict of an insider in the horror business, Stephen Woolley of Palace Productions, distributors of Videodrome, Eraserhead and The Evil Dead and co-producer of The Company of Walves.

"Children enjoy horror films much more than adults, partly because they are less likely to have heart attacks and partly because they are more ready to put themselves through the rollercoaster effect of anticipation. We grow out of horror films as we grow older and we remember the ones which are more than just horror films.

"The Company of Wolves is not pure horror—it's not an old dark house film—but it does have its horrific moments. It's more like an adult fairy tale. Little Red Riding Hood was the equivalent of a video nasty of its day."

Professor John Cohen, of Manchester University's Department of Psychology, points out that horror stories were around long before horror movies: people believed in horror myths like the Minotaur, a man-eating monster with the head of a bull, and a human body.

The Bible has its moments, too. Professor Cohen says: "A representative sample from the *Infernal Who's Who* would surely include Belial, Beelzebub, the Great Beast of Revelation and, super-monster of all time, the Antichrist whose contest with the Deity assumes a form appropriate to each epoch." Today, the struggle between God and Antichrist surfaces in the Kremlin *versus* Pentagon drama, the standpoint varying according to which side of the Iron Curtain you favour.

Professor Cohen describes—without necessarily endorsing—a Jungian analysis of mythological matches between heroes and monsters. "Deep in the collective unconscious, the monster represents the Terrible Mother, who devours the hero—like Jonah being swallowed by a forerunner of Moby Dick. Once inside the 'maternal abyss', the hero usually slays his foes. Thus are the mighty forces of the unconscious brought under control."

This is not a point of view that may have occurred to the makers of *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes*, by general consensus the worst film of the 20th century; and the producers of *Attack of the Fifty Foot Woman* probably \*\*\*

did not have Jung in mind when they began rolling the cameras, any more than did the brains (if any) behind the shooting of *The Blob*.

The same could be said of the men, or Things, behind *The Bat* (1926), *The Vampire Bat* (1933) and *The Thing* (1951), France's *Vampyr*, Italy's *I Vampiri* and Mexico's (yes, there is a Mexican horror-film industry, even if it runs to only one movie) *El Vampiro*.

The Jungian view continues: "The Frankensteins, Draculas, vampires, werewolves, creatures from outer space, rediscovered dinosaurs and electronic monsters are symbols of the explosive 'archetypes' lurking within us. With every advance in science and technology, these monsters become even more horrific."

Technology gone wrong is the theme of *Videodrome* with its carnivorous television set; and its director, David Cronenberg, is the subject of a "dossier" published by the British Film Institute to coincide with its festival of his films. One of the contributors, Michael O'Pray, turned out to be far from a Jungian.

"Call me a Freudian," he said. "The appeal of the horror film is very similar to that of grotesque fairy tales for children. It is to do with unconscious fantasy. We all have desires that can't be expressed without being antisocial, and horror films fulfil the need to express them. We do have aggressive feelings that need to be channelled. I think Freud was near the mark when he implied that we harbour secret aggressive desires towards our parents."

The ambivalence between love and revulsion in our lives is shown, according to Carlos Clarens, author of *An Illustrated History of the Horror Film*, in the way in which we both cheer on, and are terrified by, the movie monsters. Or, as producer Dino de Laurentiis so poetically remarked about his *King Kong* remake: "When the monkey die, people gonna cry."

"I do not believe that people go to horror movies exclusively to be scared," says Clarens. "Old movies on TV no longer scare but emerge as myths more powerful than before. Horror films make us realize that man carries in himself an instinct for destruction, but also the will to curb the instinct."

This is the message of *Frankenstein*, the story of the monster created by a scientist and finally put out of its misery. The creature with the bolt through its neck seems a cliché now, but only because the movie manufactured so powerful a myth. And the photography, as the book of stills shows, is superb. To think that I laughed.

However, I suppose I would probably laugh at The Curse of Frankenstein, The Revenge of Frankenstein, Frankenstein Conquers, the World, Frankenstein Meets the Space Monsters and, especially, Frankenstein Created Woman, of which the critics said: "Everything goes wrong, including the script."





1932, *The Mummy*, starring Boris Karloff, acknowledged king of horror in the 30s.



1933, the original *King Kong* with Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot.



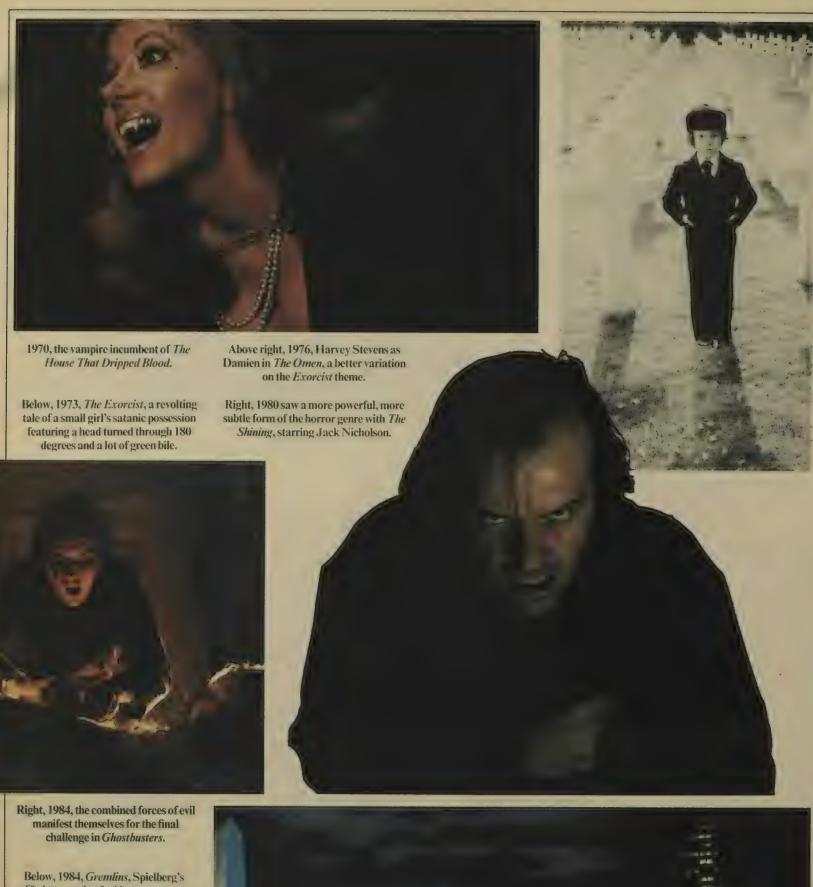
Left, 1960, the setting for Hitchcock's *Psycho*.



1968, Rosemary's Baby, starring Mia Farrow up against a witches' coven.



Left, 1967, Quatermass and the Pit, the third in this Hammer horror series, concerns a deadly prehistoric force that unleashed itself upon London.



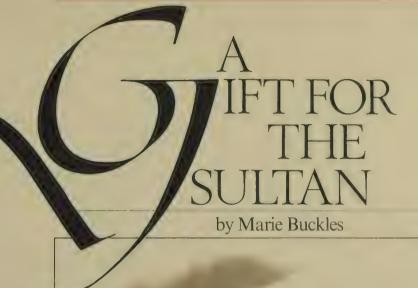
Below, 1984, *Gremlins*, Spielberg's Christmas tale of midget monsters.











ome time during the year 1784 Sultan Abdul Hamid I of Turkey received a special gift from his subject ruler, the Dey of Algiers. The "gift" was a beautiful, frightened and angry French girl named Aimée Dubucq de Rivery, a member of a wealthy colonial family from Martinique in the West Indies where she was born in 1763.

She had been captured by the Dey's men, the notorious Barbary pirates, while on her homeward voyage to Martinique after spending several years at an exclusive convent school in France. So, instead of returning home, a polished and presentable young lady ready to settle down to a life of gracious domesticity, Aimée found herself in the Grand Seraglio at Constantinople, one of several hundred beauties in the Sultan's harem.

Although precisely such a fate had been predicted for her years before in Martinique by a remarkable old negro fortune-teller named Euphemia David, Aimée fought it with all her might. She created scenes unprecedented in the harem. She wept and stormed, pleaded frantically for release or ransom, and rebelled furiously against the cruel system that made her, the descendant of French nobility, a slave-girl to be handed from one oriental despot to another like a glamorous parcel.

Her new companions probably viewed her behaviour with astonishment. In their eyes there was no dishonour attached to their lives in the seraglio, for what greater privilege could a woman have than to be a member of the imperial harem? Each one lived in a dream, in which she caught the Sultan's eye, bore him a son and rose through the various grades of the seraglio hierarchy to the most exalted position of all, that of Queen Mother or Sultan-Valideh. For, since no Sultan ever married, the mother of the reigning Sultan was, next to her son, supremely powerful, with absolute control over the seraglio and tremendous influence for good or ill.

Aimée presumably assimilated all this gradually during her first weeks in the seraglio. Even though she soon saw that it was not quite the den of vice and licentiousness she had expected, the idea of becoming one of hundreds of concubines kept under lock and key to satisfy the sexual pleasures of one man was totally repugnant to her, with her refined and educated background and strict upbringing. Regardless of the fact that the seraglio was run on almost decorous lines and court etiquette was rigid, the idea that it was a scandalous and immoral institution probably died hard in her mind.

At last, however, when it became obvious to the distraught girl that she was definitely singled out for royal favour, she had to conform. As she struggled to adapt to her bizarre new life amid the oriental splendours of the seraglio, she forced herself to consider means of establishing herself in some way that would give her a semblance of her lost freedom. She may even have looked thoughtfully at the four Kadines, favourites who might loosely

be termed "wives" to the Sultan. They enjoyed superior status, with their own apartments and income, each one knowing her precise place according to rigid seraglio protocol.

rigid seragilo protocol

Yet, when the inevitable summons came for Aimée to be led along the romantically named Golden Road (actually the corridor leading from the harem to the Sultan's apartments) all these speculations vanished in an outburst of rage and misery.

But for two things Aimée's career in the seraglio might have come to an abrupt, even unpleasant, end then and there (many a woman had been tied up in a sack and drowned in the Bosphorus for less). The first was her silvery-blonde, blue-eyed beauty, of which the Sultan had heard so much. The second was her European background and education. Unknown to her, this had attracted the attention of a group of influential courtiers dedicated to bringing about a more liberal and progressive outlook in Turkish affairs. They were

keenly aware of the need to establish more contact with the powerful Western nations, and saw that the advent of this beautiful Frenchwoman might be turned to their advantage. If they could place her close to Abdul Hamid she might win his affection; if she could bear him a son her influence could be considerable.

It was a leading member of this group, the mother of Abdul Hamid's nephew and heir, Prince Selim, who finally worked the small miracle of persuading Aimée to bow to the inevitable and accept her not wholly inglorious fate. Because Aimée's life story has been reconstructed by scholars and writers from various sources we have no idea how the Circassian Kadine, as she was called, managed it. An immediate rapport seems to have been established between the two women and, quickly summing up Aimée's character, the older one talked frankly to her not only of the possible personal advantages of her position, but disclosed some of her party's plans for the future. She probably played shrewdly on the fact that this girl, burning with resentment at the fate so brutally thrust upon her, would seize any opportunity to work for a change in the system.

So Aimée was ceremonially led along the Golden Road, sumptuously robed, perfumed and bejewelled. The time for tears and tantrums was over as she took her first steps on the road to power. She came through her ordeal with flying colours-Abdul Hamid was totally enchanted. Whether she was equally enchanted is debatable but she certainly seems to have brought animation to the heavy, sombre face that gazes out from the Sultan's portraits. He was 59 at the time of their first meeting, and by all accounts a cultivated, humane man. Aimée was totally different from his other women and it was not long before her new name, Naksh, the Beautiful One, began to resound in the seraglio.

Eventually, she even supplanted the mother of Abdul Hamid's son Mustapha, and a year later, on July 20, 1785, bore a son of her own, Mahmoud. As she watched the brilliant festivities ordered by Abdul Hamid, did she hear an echo of Euphemia David's

voice saying: "... in the seraglio you will bear a son. This son will reign gloriously..."?

During the years that followed, Aimée quietly consolidated her position. She was elevated to the status of fourth, or Little Kadine, and a genuine affection grew up between her and Abdul Hamid. Nevertheless, on his death in 1789 she probably retired thankfully into royal widowhood.

She had powerful friends in the new Sultan Selim III (succession passed to the eldest male relative in the royal family, not from father to son) and his mother, the Circassian Kadine. Now the progressive party could move cautiously ahead with their plans. Many opposed them, especially the imperial guard, the Janissaries, whose cruelty and power had grown to frightening proportions. They were supported by Abdul Hamid's son Mustapha and his mother, a cruel and sinister woman who had twice made unsuccessful attempts to poison Selim to prevent him succeeding his uncle. Now she turned her baleful gaze on Aimée's baby son Mahmoud, determined that he should never impede Mustapha's chances of succeeding Selim.

The early years of Selim's reign seem to have brought Aimée a happiness she had never expected to experience in the seraglio. She had her adored son; she was a fully-fledged member of the progressive party and, working closely with Selim, she had every opportunity to further the interests of France. It would be an exaggeration to say that she was the power behind the throne, but it can scarcely be a coincidence that Selim made more and more overtures to France, a country for whom he had unbounded admiration, even during the terrors of the Revolution.

As the Revolution ended and Napoleon Bonaparte came to power, Aimée had an even more personal reason to press for an entente cordiale. Napoleon's marriage to the pretty widow, Joséphine de Beauharnais, made him almost a member of her family, for she and Joséphine were cousins. When Aimée eventually heard that Joséphine had been crowned Empress of the French, her thoughts must have turned again to that long-ago day in Martinique; for on her visit to Euphemia David she had been accompanied by Joséphine, and for her, too, there had been the promise of a throne.

Approaches were made to Napoleon, who was not much interested in co-operating with Turkey and frequently played Selim false. Meanwhile, Aimée watched over Mahmoud, secretly teaching him French and steeping him in the history of her

country. Unlike most Sultans, who were so paranoiac about their male relatives that young princes were usually immured in a fortress-like palace known as the Kafes, or Cage, Selim was genuinely fond of Mahmoud. Indeed, the Circassian Kadine and Selim, and Aimée and Mahmoud, became a close-knit group, while Aimée's influence steadily grew.

Yet she always had to tread warily for she was not only a foreigner but also an infidel. On the subject of religion she had remained immovable and, despite all attempts to convert her, had steadily refused to relinquish her Christian faith, which made her all the more suspect to her enemies. Selim, meanwhile, worked hard to bring about his reforms, particularly in military affairs. Here he was on dangerous ground: the Janissaries guarded their power jealously and when he began to form a new regiment trained by French officers they muttered ominously. His reforms were unpopular, wars had drained the economy and anarchy was spreading everywhere. The opposition, led by the Janissaries and Mustapha and his mother, was growing stronger.

In 1805 the Circassian Kadine died. She had been a major force in the progressive party and Aimée seems to have assumed her role. Much as she loved Selim, she probably realized that his scholarly, idealistic nature hardly fitted him for his task. Her own 20-year-old Mahmoud on the other hand was strong and self-reliant, Western in outlook and well trained in military tactics by Selim's French army officers. Yet he was excluded totally from public life—indeed would have no life at all if Mustapha's mother had anything to do with it.

She and her supporters were encouraging both Russia and England to intervene in Turkish affairs. The Tsar's troops were on the march, the British fleet was under sail and Selim was threatened from all sides. He sent a frantic appeal for help to Napoleon who this time acted swiftly. It did not suit him to have Russia and England interfering in Turkish affairs just then and he sent help in the shape of one of his ablest soldiers, General Sebastiani.

This brilliant Corsican galvanized the Turks into action and, after prodigies of organization and preparation, the threat to Constantinople was averted. Sebastiani remained in control, to the fury of the Janissaries and Mustapha who, however, were prepared to watch and wait patiently. Sebastiani was immensely popular and most welcome of all in Aimée's apartments, long since decorated in the French style of her youth. He and his

wife Fanny struck up a friendship with her that must have been like a breath of home to Aimée. From Fanny she heard news of Joséphine and the French court; there were agreeable musical evenings when Selim, Mahmoud and Sebastiani were entertained by these two lovely women playing and singing to them.

Sadly, their happiness was short-lived. Fanny Sebastiani died, and her husband, who might have been Selim's saviour had he remained in Turkey, returned to France, too heartbroken to stay in surroundings that reminded him so poignantly of his beloved wife. Within a month of his departure the Janissaries struck in a wave of terror that culminated in Selim's deposition and imprisonment in the Kafes, while Aimée and Mahmoud seem to have been confined to their apartments. Mustapha was at last proclaimed Sultan.

At this point a man named Bairactar took a hand in events. He was a Pasha who was loyal to Selim and, hearing what had happened, marched on Constantinople with a large force. In July, 1808, he and a small band of men made a bid to rescue Selim. In their efforts to batter down the doors of the seraglio they alerted Mustapha who immediately ordered the deaths of Selim and Mahmoud. As Bairactar and his men fought their way in, Selim, having managed to get a message to Aimée, was struggling with his murderers. He died fighting like a tiger, while Aimée managed to conceal Mahmoud from his would-be murderers by hiding him in a disused oven.

When Bairactar and his men discovered Selim's corpse, they were ready to hack Mustapha to death in retaliation but were stopped by the timely arrival of Mahmoud who, sooty and dishevelled, nevertheless took immediate control of the situation, promising Bairactar that he would have his revenge in his own way on Selim's murderers.

As her son was proclaimed Mahmoud II, Aimée must have been at once proud, joyful and sorrowful. Her true relationship with Selim was ambiguous—certainly they were deeply attached to each other but whether they were, as some think, lovers, or devoted friends, we shall never know. There is no doubt, however, that Selim's death must have overshadowed her joy in Mahmoud's triumph.

It was a shaky triumph, too, for the Janissaries mutinied again soon after his accession. Part of Constantinople was burned down during this conflict and Bairactar lost his life. Eventually, realizing his own danger, Mahmoud

ordered the deaths of Mustapha and his mother. Even Aimée's moderating influence, however, could not prevent him following the traditional custom of ordering all Mustapha's pregnant concubines to be drowned in the Bosphorus. Perhaps once again she heard an echo of Euphemia David's voice warning "... this son will reign gloriously but the steps of his throne will be dyed by the blood of his predecessor."

Mahmoud II, the Reformer, ruled for 31 years, actively supported and encouraged by his mother during the early years of his reign. Aimée, the once terrified captive, was now at the pinnacle of power as Sultan-Valideh. She had her own palace, entourage and revenues and, being the practical, energetic woman she was, ruled the seraglio with a firm hand and an all-seeing eye. There was still time, however, for her music, her gardens, her studies in Turkish literature and the latest books sent from Paris.

It was intolerable that the Janissaries were as powerful as ever, since Mahmoud had finally been forced to submit to them to keep his throne, but she did not doubt that he had his plans for revenge.

He certainly had, though by the time of the terrible blood-bath in 1826 when he manoeuvred the Janissaries into mutinying once too often in order to put into effect plans he had secretly prepared for their destruction, killing them to the last man, Aimée had been dead for nearly a decade. Euphemia David had concluded her predictions by telling her: "At the very hour when you know your happiness is won, that happiness will fade like a dream, and a lingering illness will carry you to the tomb."

That hour came in the winter of 1817 when a mystified Christian priest was brought to the seraglio to administer the last rites to the dying Aimée. His presence at her bedside was the result of an astonishingly generous gesture by Mahmoud, the head of the Muslim Ottoman empire. He had sent for him so that Aimée could die in the faith she had cherished so steadfastly.

She was buried in an exquisite royal tomb, inscribed with flowery phrases and the name she had borne during her 33 years in the seraglio, Naksh, the Beautiful One.

Yet who can doubt that this remarkable woman, who clung so stubbornly to her independence and individuality throughout those years, who used her power to further the interests of the country she knew she would never see again, ever thought of herself as anyone else but the Frenchwoman, Aimée Dubucq de Rivery?







labyrinth, said to be the earliest and senses, the 12 signs of the zodiac. biggest maze and dating from over 4,000 years ago, our appetite for exploring frustrating dead ends and for Maze at Floors Castle, Kelso, are being tempted down false trails is as elements from the Duke and Duchess strong as ever.

as wars, but not for long. A maze revival is under way at present, with a programme of building unmatched since Victorian times when the maze became an attraction as pleasure gardens once again became fashionable.

Britain already has more mazes open to the public than any other 1984. They include the traditional the centre known only to the gardeners; turf mazes which still obey the simple curling lines set down hundreds of years ago; and flat brick mazes, where cheats are tolerated and the persistent rewarded.

The new mazes are rich in invention and imagination, and dense with meaning and symbolism. The dragon created in Egypt for Amenemhet III, maze at Newquay Zoo depicts animals was described as "greater than the as they might be after a further 50 million years of evolution, imprisoned of it survived until the end of the last in the coils of a labyrinth. Imprint, a century. Another labyrinth

ther puzzles and conundrums maze in a private garden in Gloucestercome and go but the maze shire, is in the shape of the footprint of endures as a timeless source a giant the size of the Eiffel Tower and of bewilderment and confusion. Since contains the well-known symbols of the completion of Amenemhet III's man-the four elements, the five

Woven into the copper beech and green beech hedges of the Roxburghe of Roxburghe's coats of arms and Occasionally we tire of mazes and let dramatic incidents from the family's them become grown-over while we history. These include, in a hedge, an attend to more pressing matters, such exploding cannon, complete with the representation of flying hot metal, recalling the demise of James II of Scotland, killed when Scotland's first cannon blew up under him as he aimed it at the castle in 1460.

Designer of these and other modern mazes is Adrian Fisher, of Minotaur Designs. He is fascinated by the paracountry in the world: there are more dox of the maze-winding the maxithan 50, of which 10 were opened in mum length of path into the minimum area. "It is the complete negation of hedge puzzle-mazes, their short-cuts to everything else we do in life, which is trying to get from A to B as quickly as possible," he says. From an early age he has been obsessed with the intricate construction of mazes. "Having made paths inefficient, we then try to make them, in the structure of the maze, as exciting as possible.'

The earliest maze, or labyrinth, Pyramids" by Herodotus. Remnants



Above, the true path leads to the cross at the heart of the Archbishop's Maze at Greys Court, Henley-on-Thames. Right, the centrepiece of the Bath Festival Maze shows the Gorgon's head found in the Roman ruins of the city.



The paved brick maze at Kentwell Hall, Suffolk, takes the form of a Tudor Rose. Set in the design are 15 plaques decorated with symbols representing the Tudors.

was said to have been built at Knossos in about 1,600 BC and was connected with the sacrifice of bulls and ritual initiation and fertility rites.

The labyrinth concept was copied as far away as the Baltic coast where boulder-lined unicursal mazes—single-pathed and without junctions or division points—were trod by fishermen to ensure good catches before they put to sea. In Rome the idea of the maze was represented in mosaic. By the 12th century the labyrinth had acquired a Christian meaning, representing the spiritual journey. The Chartres maze is the best example—a flat pavement maze built of stone within the cathedral, inviting penitents to make a 150 yard journey on their knees.

The Angles, Saxons and Vikings are thought to have cut about 200 turf mazes—gullies between paths—in the areas of southern Britain that they invaded and conquered. Only eight survive, most of them jealously protected by private owners from the heavy-footed public. Somerton, in Oxfordshire, and Breamore in Hampshire, which is open to the public, are two of the best examples.

Hedge mazes came in with the Renaissance as a feature of the highly formal garden. Hampton Court's, replanted in the 1690s on the site of the wilderness which dated back to Cardinal Wolsey's time, was one of the earliest and best known. During more strait-laced times many mazes were rooted out.

Most of the Victorian mazes have been smothered by suburban spread, but Victorian maps contain detailed evidence of their locations. There were several in south London. One, at Anerley Gardens, is now under a council estate. Another, in formal gardens that accompanied the Great Exhibition at Crystal Palace, was removed in 1911, although the ring of trees that surrounded it still stands and spiralling paths point to where its six entrances once were.

The site of a South Kensington maze, opened by the Prince Consort, is now covered by the Science Museum. A map of 1850 reveals a maze 100 yards from the newly opened Paddington Station, long since replaced by a hotel. A 10 minute walk out of town at that time, the maze would have been a much-visited diversion of the day, probably adjoining a pub.

Many mazes were lost under buildings, or decayed during the two world wars. The latest revival is in part a response to increased leisure, and much of the maze-building is in seaside resorts and theme parks.

In an admirable local-authority initiative, Uttlesford council at Saffron Walden has restored the maze at the town's Bridge End Gardens, first planted in about 1838. The council tore down the original maze which had degenerated into an overgrown spinney and have tried to reproduce it from a detailed picture built up by their archaeologist Anthony Collins. His ring analysis of the original yews revealed that they were planted in 1835, and bought by the maze's owners in about 1838 when the maze was set out. They grew rapidly until 1852. For the next 97 years they were regularly trimmed into a box shape which suppressed their growth. From 1949 the hedges ceased to be maintained, and for the next 35 years competed for the light. The new maze, measuring 50 yards by 25, with 610 yards of path, will be one of the largest in Britain. The public will be admitted when the hedges achieve the required shape and density 10 years from now.

At Shrubland Hall, near Ipswich, one of the few surviving mid-19thcentury box mazes is being nurtured back to form by Dr Andrew Boag and his wife Dorothy, who live in the grounds. They found the maze in the undergrowth, overwhelmed with sycamores and laurels since the Second World War when the 60 gardeners were called up. Each summer the Boags venture down its dense and stuffy paths, to battle with weeds which threaten to reclaim the third of the maze they have replanted with 2-foothigh box trees. The Boags believe they have a duty to rescue the maze, still remembered by elderly local people.

"It's unique," said Dr Boag. "Somebody spent an awful lot of trouble creating it and it shouldn't be allowed to fall into decay. Unlike an old building, which takes a long time to become irreparable, an old garden and the things it contains can be lost so easily. At the moment we are holding it."

The maze builder requires a keen mathematical eye. But in addition the best maze designer should have an ingenious creativity, encouraged by the new maze patrons.

The best known maze from Fisher's company, Minotaur Designs, was the Beatles maze, in the shape of a bisected apple and set around the Yellow Submarine at the Liverpool Garden Festival. From above, the two sides could equally well be the ears of the world, listening to the singers. Minotaur's

maze at Thorpe Park, Surrey, depicts magnetic fields around three model transmission towers. Their Bath Festival maze combines themes of pre-Roman, Roman and Georgian Bath.

The Archbishop's Maze at Greys Court, Henley-on-Thames, opened in 1981, was commissioned for the present Archbishop of Canterbury who used the allegory of the maze in his enthronement speech. It represents the traditional path of life and is  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile long in a maze 85 feet in diameter.

Once mazes served an important ritual purpose. In Germany apprentices would process in single file through the unicursal turf mazes. The line would wind around the gullies without crossing over itself, then unwind and come out into the cathedral for great feasting.

Historians can only speculate about the significance of the ancient labyrinths with their mystical dances but they had some spiritual or functional meaning. The hedge mazes were decorative. Hampton Court maze was no more than a fine playground wherein courtiers could amuse themselves.

"The maze is an art form, like sculpture," says Fisher. "Once you have chipped the stone off you can't put it back: in the same way you can't alter mazes once you've created them. But you can get a lot out of them by observing their formalities. You don't drift through mazes as you would drift past flower borders. You are either in them or not in them. Mazes are events. You can space out the delights—fountains, statues, views, ideas, sounds—so you meet them when the maze is ready to deliver them. But you have to commit yourself to a maze."



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## THE MAGIC OF MAURITIUS

by David Tennant

slaves and those of mixed blood, then Chinese, Malay and about 11,000 place. Europeans, mainly of French descent. language (Creole and French are way to Mauritius ever since by sea and, spoken everywhere) there are probably after 1946, by air. The majority came no more than 1,000 Mauritians who from neighbouring Réunion and not can claim British ancestry.

and almost entirely surrounded by a London, Sydney, Paris and Singapore coral reef, lies in the Indian ocean 300 miles north of the Tropic of Capricorn wider international clientele and the and 600 miles east of Madagascar, annual total of visitors is around Arab traders certainly knew of its exist- 140,000. ence but the Portuguese were the first Europeans to land there in the early 16th century, though they did not flesh was so much prized by the Dutch ported, line many of the beaches. that within 90 years it was extinct.

they left. In 1715 the French annexed the island, renamed it Ile de France. brought in settlers from their own developed it as a colony, trading centre and naval base, making it the head-

In 1810 the British occupied the island and four years later the Treaty of mountain slopes are covered in vast Paris formalized the situation, the fields of sugar cane which on my visit name Mauritius being restored. That last April presented an entrancing picconnexion has remained ever since, the ture of shimmering green, waving to colony becoming an independent and fro in the ever-present breeze. member of the Commonwealth-not a Mounds of volcanic stones, cleared republic-in 1968 with the Queen from the soil to ensure a better crop, through the Governor General as head dot many of the fields and look from a of state. During the last century the distance like gigantic molehills. sugar industry was developed on a

Mauritius has been called the most large scale and today accounts for cosmopolitan island in the sun. The more than 85 per cent of the overseas population of nearly one million earnings; slavery was abolished; large makes this small nation the third most numbers of workers were brought densely inhabited country in the world, from India; postage stamps were first and comprises people of many races. issued in 1847; a surprisingly extensive Those from the Indian sub-continent railway system (now dismantled) was (Hindu, Muslim and Tamil) are in the built: a cable link with Europe became majority, followed by Creoles, both operative in 1893 and the first tourists descendants of African and Malagasay started arriving, among them Mark Twain who was enchanted with the

Apart from during the two world Although English is the official written wars visitors have been making their too far off South Africa, but with good The island, about the size of Surrey air links to cities as far away as the island is now attracting a much

They find a place of outstanding natural beauty whose much indented coastline has more than 100 miles of settle. In 1598 the Dutch arrived, superb white coral sand beaches slopnamed the island Mauritius after ing down into warm, pollution-free Prince Maurice of Nassau and estab- waters. The coral reef which lies from & lished a foothold. It was uninhabited to 3 miles off shore makes swimming but had a rich flora and fauna includ- safe almost everywhere. Tall palm ing that most famous of birds, the trees feathery casuarinas and colourlarge, fat and flightless dodo whose ful shrubs, some indigenous, others im-

Inland the country is dominated by The settlers introduced sugar and the mountains whose many peaks and deer from Java and slaves from Mada- pinnacles give an impression, especially gascar, but in the early 18th century from the sea, of being much higher than they really are-the highest, the Piton de Rivière Noire, rises to only 2.717 feet. They are the remains of nearby island of Réunion (then called long-extinct volcanoes and are much Bourbon) and over the next 100 years eroded, with deep chasms and narrow valleys. Lush vegetation covers them almost to the summits and from them quarters of their Indian Ocean island flow many rivers and streams, none of possessions. They left an indelible great length but often with spectacular imprint immediately obvious to any waterfalls, particularly after the heavy

rains to which the island is subjected. The coastal plain and the lower

There are tea and tobacco plan-

tations, the latter crop of high quality although little of it is exported. Coffee, too, is grown but only in small quantities as it is badly affected by the cyclones to which Mauritius is occasionally subjected between Janu- the Royal Botanic Gardens at Pampleary and March. The natural vegetation, both indigenous and imported. is prolific and splashed with colour. Eucalyptus trees of various varieties expanded during the British colonial grow almost everywhere, as do jacaranda, mimosa and bougainvillaea. elaborate cast iron gates which won a The far-spreading banyan tree with its ground-level roots somehow survives London. The palm collection is par-

the cyclonic winds and there are many beautiful acacias with leaves that are golden due, I was told, to a mineral deficiency in the soil.

Every visitor to Mauritius explores mousses, about 5 miles north-east of Port Louis. Founded by the French in the mid 18th century, they were much administration. You enter through prize at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in

ticularly fine but the two things that I found most memorable were an enormous bo tree from Sri Lanka, with its labyrinth of ground roots and branches, and the giant floating leaves of the Victoria Regia lily which flourishes here far from its native Brazil.

Although you are rarely out of sight of human habitation in Mauritius there is no urban sprawl, even though Port Louis has expanded far beyond its deep-water harbour environs. The city is not a holiday centre but is certainly away is a small but interesting museum cure every known disease and ailment. worth a few hours' visit. The elegant with a collection of shells, old prints

Place d'Armes with its palm trees leads to Government House, which dates from the 18th century but has a a maze of narrow alleyways is lined by modern addition at the rear. Various statues adorn the area, including one to Oueen Victoria with a plaque mourning her passing and another to Sir John Pope Hennessy, a former governor who became a local hero with his policy of "Mauritius for the Mauritians" at a time when such things were unheard of in Whitehall. A short walk

and mans-and a dodo

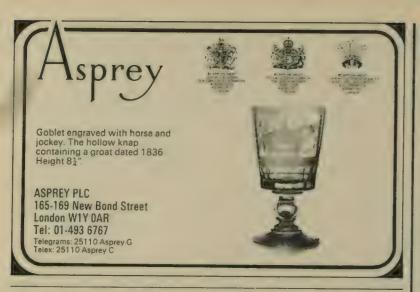
The main market is not to be missed: stalls and open-fronted shops selling everything from local fruit and vegetables to plastic buckets and transistor radios, curios appealing to the multireligious population and an array of spices that assaults the eyes and the nose. One stall established over half a century ago is devoted entirely to medicinal herbs and potions claimed to It was doing good business.

Almost all holiday visitors to Mauri-

tius come for sea, sun, sand and watersports, all of which the island can offer in abundance—though there may be the occasional downpour. Thanks to a wise tourism policy, quality has been put before quantity and high standards of accommodation, service and cuisine have been set and on the whole achieved.

The hotels which are on or close to the superb beaches are well designed, none built higher than the tallest tree, and geared to the relaxing, \*\*>







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informal style of such holidays—"elegantly casual" to quote one brochure. The Saint Geran Sun Hotel on the north-east coast is considered by many to be one of the finest hotels in the Indian Ocean area and it is certainly popular with the upper end of the South African market.

I divided my time among three hotels of the Beachcomber group, all beautifully situated with tropical gardens leading down to the sort of beaches always featured in tourist posters but so typical of Mauritius. In the south-west corner of the island is the Meridien Paradis, which with its small sister hotel in the same complex is sheltered by Le Morne mountain, a halfsize replica of Gibraltar. There is a nine-hole golf course on the doorstep. The Trou aux Biches Village Hotel on the north-west coast has delightful Mauritian-style cottage accommodation, including 40 upper-level rooms each with a huge balcony. Because it is conveniently less than 15 minutes' drive from Plaisance International Airport on the east coast, I spent my last night at Le Chalond Beachcomber Club, which has simpler accommodation but, again, a superb setting. All three hotels have swimming pools, indoor and outdoor restaurants and provide a variety of evening entertainment. The Paradis and the Trou aux Biches both have small casinos.

Water sports—sailing, water skiing, wind surfing, snorkelling and boating—are all free of charge to guests, as are tennis, squash and golf. Scubadiving and big-game fishing, the latter being particularly rewarding if the pictures of the catches are anything to go

by, are also available at low additional cost. The staff, which is predominantly young, provide polite, friendly and enthusiastic service without hovering around for tips.

Mauritian cuisine—and the hotels provide plenty of this-reflects the multiracial background of the island: Indian, Chinese, Creole, French and English are all there. The seafood is particularly good and is presented in many different ways. Meat is largely imported but you can enjoy local hare, wild boar and even venison in season from the herds of wild deer. Creole dishes are hot and spicy while the curries are as good as any you will find in India. There is much local fruit-pineapples, lychees, mangoes, bananas, papayas and water melons-and the small bright red tomatoes (pommes d'amour) are sheer heaven. Imported wines and spirits are expensive but the local white rum, used as base for many drinks, and the Mauritian lager, which has won several international awards, are ideal for the climate.

Although Mauritius is by no means a rich country and has many of the economic and social problems of the Third World, it is efficiently run: public utilities work well and there is a degree of sophistication that frankly I had not expected. There is a good road network, with driving on the left and carhire available at all hotels. Life on the whole is relaxing and easy-going and I found people friendly and helpful. Mauritius has a distinctive charm and appeal, which accounts for it having the highest repeat business in the longdistance holiday market—as good a recommendation as any.

#### TRAVEL FACTS

Air Mauritius operate a weekly Boeing 747 service from London (Heathrow) on Sunday afternoons, arriving the next morning on the island. Return flights leave Mauritius on Saturday nights, arriving London the following morning. One stop (Paris-Orly) both ways. About 15 hours. Return fares: first class £2,624; Club £1,876; Economy £680 to £852. Subject to change. British Airways also fly once weekly via Khartoum and Malawi.

Visa: None required for UK passportholders. Other nationals check.

Health requirements: Yellow fever inoculation only if coming from an infected area. Malaria officially eradicated but many visitors take precautions. Check with travel agent/airline well in advance before departure.

Weather: January to March are the cyclonic months with heaviest rainfall and winds. Temperatures range from mid 60°s to mid 80°s; average of seven to nine hours' sunshine daily. Rain showers can be expected at any time but are usually of short duration.

Currency, time, tax: Mauritius Rupee MAR 20 (approx)=£1. Keep all receipts when changing money. Four hours ahead of GMT. Airport depar-

ture tax-MAR 100.

**Inclusive holidays:** About 20 UK companies offer these. Samples:

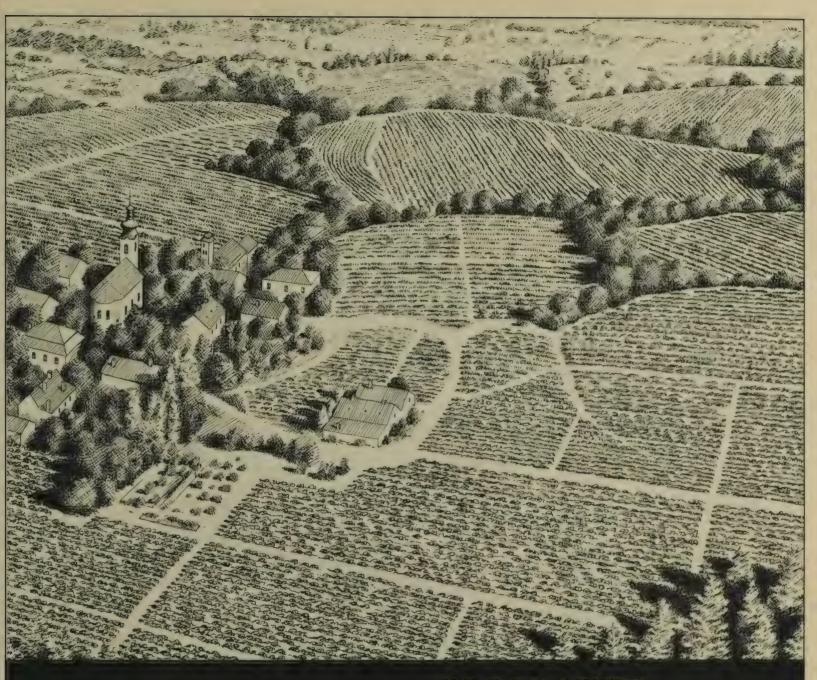
Choice of three Beachcomber Hotels, 12 nights with half-board, Air Mauritius flights from/to London £985 to £1,425 (additional week £208-£370). Reduced car rental with these holidays. From Sunset Travel.

Choice of four hotels including St Geran and Trou aux Biches, 14 nights with half-board, British Airways flights from/to London £1,215 to £1,525, single-room supplements £124 to £156. From Abercrombie & Kent.

Choice of eight hotels and also self-catering accommodation sleeping one to four, 12 nights (half-board in hotels), Air Mauritius flights from/to London £735 to £1,740. From American Express.

Addresses: Mauritius Tourist Office, Lichfield House, 66 Frith Street, London W1V 5TA (734 6747). Air Mauritius, 49 Conduit Street, W1R 9FB (434 4375). Abercrombie & Kent, Holbein Place, SW1W 8NS (730 9600). American Express, 19/20 Berners Street, W1P 3DD (631 0747). Sunset Travel, 306 Clapham Road, SW9 9AE

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#### FLIGHT OF THE BOOMERANG

by Torsten Laursen

Torsten Laursen, right, a Swedish photographer, is proud to have devised a patent method—it remains his scrett—of showing the flight of the booms, and Happily the result, though pred, does nothing to dispel the system of the continuation of the continuation of the patent of the continuation of the system of t









## *Countryman*

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## Please remember the elderly

Elderly people who have spent their lives caring for others, are deserving of our help and yours especially at this time of the year. For many who are old and alone, Christmas brings memories of happier times, of family and friends who have long since departed. They have spent their lives serving others — now they themselves need help. Failing health and rising costs combine to make the last years of their lives very difficult.

There is an overwhelming need for the care which the NBI is able to give, but we are very much dependent on donations and legacies, large and small, to assist us in our work. Please send whatever you can spare and help to

bring a little warmth and happiness to

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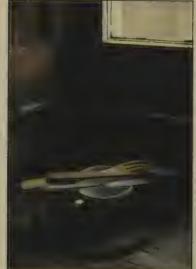
## CARTHUSIANS



Rising above the trees in a quiet corner of Sussex, at Cowfold, near Horsham, is the chapel spire of St Hugh's Charterhouse, the only Carthusian monastery in Britain. The Order was founded by St Bruno in 1084 at the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France, original home of the great liqueur. St Hugh's was built in the 1870s after persecution in France drove the Carthusians to scatter and settle elsewhere. The Order is one of the strictest, and now only 19 monks—eight lay brothers and 11 priests—live behind the high brick walls.

They occupy cells—small hermitages each with its own garden—off the vast, stone Great Cloister, above, one of the finest enclosed cloisters in Europe. The monks eat together only on Sundays and feast days and in silence; sometimes there is a reading. Otherwise, their solitary lives are spent in prayer and study and in tending their gardens. The lay brothers do everyday tasks such as cooking, giving alms and maintaining the buildings and grounds, which include a 3½ acre orchard. Photographs by John Robert Young.







Top, one of the monks' tasks in maintaining the monastery is to resurface its imposing driveway. Above left, their eating utensils are as simple as their meals, which may consist of bread, cheese, soup or fish—but not meat—with home-brewed cider, delivered to the cells in wooden carrying boxes. Above right, a monk recites part of his daily office in his cell. He spends some 14 hours a day in prayer and in study, which may take him to the library, opposite, a treasure-house of reference books.







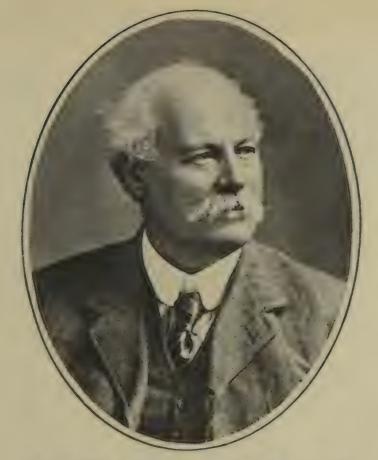
Kutchinsky

n Monday December 5, 1910, a life-size bronze statue of the actor Sir Henry Irving was unveiled in Charing Cross Road, facing the Garrick Theatre. Those present included Irving's sons Henry and Laurence, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, the actor-manager, Sir Arthur Pinero, the playwright, Edward German, the composer, Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, and Thomas Brock, RA, the sculptor.

Thomas Brock is today virtually unknown, but he probably has more works in the streets and galleries of London than any other sculptor, and was the first president of the Society of British Sculptors when it was formed in 1905. Born in Worcester in 1847, Brock came to London at the age of 19 and lived and worked there for most of his long life. He learnt the elements of artistic design in the Royal Worcester Porcelain Factory, and hoped to become a pupil of John Henry Foley, then one of the capital's leading sculptors. Foley turned the young man away but Brock was not easily discouraged, and he returned to the Osnaburgh Street studio the next day with some examples of his work and was taken on. Brock helped Foley with his masterpiece, the Albert Memorial, and when Foley died suddenly in 1874 he took over the studio and Foley's uncompleted commissions. These gave him a flying start as the sculptor of "the great and the good".

In 1868 Brock exhibited his first work at the Royal Academy-a portrait bust of R. W. Binns, his employer at the Royal Worcester Porcelain Factory. At the Royal Academy he met Frederic Leighton, who was elected President of the Academy in 1878, and they became close friends. Leighton, who was a painter rather than a sculptor, enlisted Brock's help in completing his famous statue of an athlete struggling with a python, and Brock continued the python theme with his own Moment of Peril. This shows an Indian warrior on horseback spearing a snake, and was purchased by the Chantrey Bequest for £2,200. Both Moment of Peril and Athlete struggling with a Python can be seen at Leighton House, Kensington.

Moment of Peril secured Brock's election as an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1881. Meanwhile, on July 3, 1880, his first public monument in London, a statue of Robert Raikes (1735-1811), founder of the Sunday School movement, was unveiled.



## LONDON'S FORGOTTEN SCULPTOR

by J. A. Sankey Photographs by Anthony Hamber

It stands in the Embankment Gardens, the site, also, of his statue of Sir Bartle Frere, which was unveiled by the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) on June 5, 1888. Frere had a distinguished career as Governor of Bombay (1862-67) and Cape Colony (1877-80) but fell out with the Gladstone government. After his death in 1884, £12,000 was raised by public subscription for the statue (which cost £3,000) and for university scholarships.

In 1884 the first of three monuments by Brock in Westminster Abbey was unveiled. This was a bust of Henry Longfellow (1807-82) in Poet's Corner, described by contemporaries as "a most striking likeness, a fine work of art". The other monuments are a statue of W. E. Gladstone on the Statesmen's Aisle, unveiled in 1903, and a portrait medallion of Lord Lister, installed shortly after the eminent surgeon's death in 1912.

Brock had been elected a full member of the Royal Academy in 1891, and for his diploma work he produced a splendid bust of his friend and patron Leighton. The original is in the Academy, but replicas can be found in Leighton House, the National Portrait Gallery and the Athenaeum Club. When Leighton died, in 1896, Brock was chosen to design a memorial to him in St Paul's Cathedral. Standing in the left aisle, it is a Medici-like monument showing Leighton lying in repose guarded by two bronze figures representing Painting and Sculpture (the latter holds in her hand a model of one of Leighton's statues, a typical Brock detail). When Brock received an honorary degree from Oxford University in 1909, the Public Orator singled out this memorial as the classic example of Brock's work.

From the time of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1877 commemorative monuments of the Queen were in great demand. Statues and busts by Brock can be found in places as far apart as Birmingham, Carlisle, Hove, Liverpool, Oxford, Worcester, Belfast, Cape Town and Calcutta. A statue originally commissioned by the Junior

Constitutional Club in 1897 now stands in Carlton House Terrace. Possibly because of his reputation, Brock was chosen in 1901 to be the sculptor of the national memorial to Oucen Victoria which now stands outside Buckingham Palace. It took 10 years to complete the central portion, by which time Edward VII had died. It therefore fell to George V to unveil the memorial on May 16, 1911, and he showed his pleasure by a touching and impromptu gesture. In the words of The Times: "Mr Brock was just passing on after his presentation when the King called him back and, calling for a sword, gave him the honour of Knighthood in the presence of the thousands assembled, and in the shadow of the great work to which he had given 10 years of his life."

Although the Victoria Memorial absorbed most of Brock's energies in the years 1901-11, he still found time to produce statues of Sir John Millais and Thomas Gainsborough for the Tate Gallery. Millais stands in the forecourt, artist's palette in hand, but Gainsborough is kept in a warehouse in Acton, though a large replica can be seen by the staircase in the Royal Academy. Another work of this period is the seated statue of Lord Russell of Killowen (1832-1900) in the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand.

One of Brock's last works on public view in London was the statue of Captain Thomas Cook in the Mall, near Admiralty Arch. It was erected by the British Empire League, and the inscription reads "Circumnavigator of the world, explorer of the Pacific Ocean, he laid the foundation of the British Empire in Australia and New Zealand".

There are many other Brock works in London, including the memorial to Sir Augustus Harris outside the Drury Lane Theatre, the statue of Sir Richard Owen in the Natural History Museum, the massive female figures depicting Navigation and Gunnery on Admiralty Arch, and busts of Sir Henry Tate in Sugar House, headquarters of Tate & Lyle, of Sir Isaac Pitman at the Pitman Institute, of the 15th Earl of Derby in the House of Lords library, Sir Walter Prideaux (1846-1928) in the Goldsmiths' Hall, and of King Edward VII in Buckingham Palace.

Brock died in 1922 at the age of 75, and is buried in the peaceful church-yard of Mayfield, Sussex, where he had a country house. His tomb has the inscription (in Latin) "Let the works of art he produced be his memorial". »>>

#### LONDON'S FORGOTTEN SCULPTOR





As you drive down the Mall from Admiralty Arch towards Buckingham Palace, the focal point is the huge memorial to Queen Victoria. This splendid tribute by the nation took Thomas Brock nearly 10 years to complete. Around the central edifice, above, are grouped a number of sculptures, detail top. The entire memorial serves now as a roundabout to break up the traffic around Buckingham Palace. When George V unveiled the memorial in 1911, he spontaneously demanded a sword and knighted Brock

on the spot.





Above, Brock's statue of Captain Thomas Cook in the Mall, near Admiralty Arch, was one of his last. It was unveiled by the Duke of Connaught on July 7, 1914, just a few weeks before the outbreak of the First World War, which was to end the imperial era. Bottom left, Brock's first public monument was a statue of Robert Raikes, founder of the Sunday School movement. It stands in the Embankment Gardens near the Savoy and was unveiled in 1880 by the Earl of Shaftesbury. Replicas have been erected in Gloucester—Raikes's birthplace—and Toronto.







Above, beyond the statue of Captain Thomas Cook rises the massive female figure depicting Navigation. This huge sculpture, far left, was made by Brock for Admiralty Arch, with its companion figure, Gunnery, left.

#### LONDON'S FORGOTTEN SCULPTOR



Above, the memorial to Sir Augustus Harris outside the Drury Lane Theatre in London's Covent Garden. Harris earned the nickname of Augustus Druriolanus for his lifelong commitment to Drury Lane Theatre: he took it over in 1879, aged 27, and remained there until his death in 1896. Harris was a true showman with a love for the spectacular and he became known for Victorian melodramas, elaborate Christmas shows, pantomime and harlequinade, the latter form eventually to be superseded by pantomime in the 1940s. Harris was Sheriff of the City of London in 1891 when the German Emperor visited the city and in that year he gained his knighthood.





Above, on Statesmen's Aisle in Westminster Abbey stands Brock's statue of William Gladstone, leader of the Liberal Party and four times the Prime Minister of Britain in the 19th century. Gladstone introduced educational reform in 1870 and the secret ballot in 1872. Brock's monument was unveiled in 1903. Left, Brock's bust of the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was described at the time as "a most striking likeness, a fine work of art". The sculpture stands in Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey and was unveiled in 1884.

# REPLAY



The morning sun through the floor-to-ceiling net curtains bathed Connie in light, brilliant but soft. From four storeys below us the early clamour of Athens rose out of Omonia Square.

"Come back to bed," I said.
She smiled at me. When Connie, naked, smiles, she seems to smile all over; and in that incredible light. . . Well. "Don't tempt me, insatiable. There isn't time. The coach is at nine and I want a bath and breakfast.

I looked at my digital watch. It said 7.56, June 10.

"You underrate me, but I'll let you off this once, or you might get indigestion." I got out of bed and reached for the Pentax while her back was turned. She heard the shutter click and glanced over her shoulder, and I caught her again. She sighed, not really meaning it; we'd been married only three months, but she was used to me by now-and anyway, with a fortnight of Greek sunshine and bikinis and things ahead, she knew she was in for a lot of it. Besides, I'm not a bad photographer, and some of the results I'd got already would have done any girl's ego good.

"Put that thing away and get shaved, darling," she said, and added not very relevantly: "Besides,

today's the day for Grandpa's letter."

"Not before noon on June 10, 1980, the instructions are.

"You lawyers! You've got it right there in your case. What do four hours matter?"

"Oh, I don't know. Call it professional ethics or superstition or something. Anyhow, it's been waiting half a century, so it can wait another four hours.'

'Are we taking it with us to Cape Sunion?"

"Why not? From what I hear, it'll be a nice dramatic setting for reading it.'

"I wonder what it says," she murmured, not for the first time. Come to that, the family had been wondering for years. My father had lived until 1972, so he would never know now. Apart from me, all that was left of the direct family was my sister, her husband and the twins-and now Connie, of course.

There the letter had lain, for half a century, in the old boy's deed box in our office, clearly addressed in his own hand: "To be opened not earlier than noon

#### Short story by Stewart Farrar Drawing by Lee Stannard

on the tenth day of June nineteen hundred and eighty by my eldest surviving heir and successor." In other words, now, by me, Marcus Braithwaite Duffy.

It had always been the object not merely of natural family curiosity, but of a degree of puzzlement. The will of my grandfather, Norman Paul Duffy, had been straightforward and well drawn up by the firm of solicitors to which my father Joseph was then a newly articled clerk and of which I, at 34, am now the middle of three partners. There were no mysteries or complications about his estate, and so far as anyone knew, no skeletons in his cupboard. He had been an author, and his agent was his literary executor; he and his successor had handled that side of things perfectly competently.

So what could Grandpa possibly want to tell us, half a century later?

I had always wished I had known him; he seems to have been a character. His forte had been the supernatural and I think in that field he was ahead of his time as a writer, much better informed on it than most of his contemporaries, who seem to me to have relied more on atmosphere-building than authenticity. He had been a council member of the Society for Psychical Research and a personal friend of a remarkable number of relevant people, from Yeats to Margaret Murray. He had been a less gloomy writer than Lovecraft and an infinitely better one than Wheatley, though he equalled Wheatley's gift for telling a compelling yarn. He had been an inveterate traveller; incidentally he had known Gerald Gardner in Malaya years before anyone else had heard of him. He had (so he used to boast to my father) clashed with Crowley and won, though the details of the encounter remained vague.

His books had gone on selling quite well for a few years after his death, and had then tapered off. But with the occult boom of the 70s, he had been rediscovered, reprinted, anthologized and generally re-

established in the hagiography of the genre. More than our family pride was gratified: over the past few years my sister and I had done very nicely out of royalties, and we had been viewing the impending lapse of copyright with considerable regret, especially as Universal had been talking about another film and obviously postponing it with the same thought

But back to Grandpa's letter. It seemed highly unlikely that it could have anything to do with his estate, so my own theory had always been that it must concern his supernatural and psychic interests. I had suggested to my sister that maybe it would ask us to contact a medium to try to contact Grandpa at a particular time, perhaps to tie in with other arrangements he had made, on the lines of the famous Cross Correspondences. But Sheila had pointed out that this would not have tallied with Grandpa's views, because he had been a firm believer in reincarnation, so he would not have expected to be contactable on the astral plane half a century later; he would have expected to have been reincarnated already. ("Perhaps you're Grandpa," she'd suggested, and the thought had made me feel queasy for days.) I'd had to concede her point, but I still felt the letter must have something to do with his special subject.

Anyway, in four hours we would know. I put the letter in my camera case, we had breakfast and at nine o'clock we climbed into the coach along with the rest of the package tour.

"You were right about the setting," said Connie. Neither of us had been there before and it took our breath away.

Way back when Greece was young, the prudent Athenians had built the temple to Poseidon on Cape Sunion as a consolation prize, after having rejected him as their city patron in favour of the rival candidate Pallas Athene. It must have done a lot to soothe the sea-god's ruffled pride. They could not have chosen a better place for him; surrounded on three sides by the jewelled sea, far below, it is still magnificent even though the temple itself is now no more than a stone floor and a double row of \*\*>



roofless pillars, more skeletal than the Parthenon.

At noon, when everyone had "done" the temple and had gone down to the beach or to a café for an ouzo, Connie and I sat in the shade of one of Poseidon's pillars and opened the envelope.

It contained a two-page letter in Grandpa's small precise script, and a disc of parchment about 3 inches across, carefully protected in a fold of tissue paper. The parchment was a mass of symbols and of Hebrew lettering, but the central feature around which they were all grouped was the sign of infinity, co, coloured violet; all the rest of the characters were in black, with the exception of a scarlet Eye of Horus facing right at the top, and a blue one, facing left, at the bottom. As we could not read Hebrew, the infinity sign and the two Eyes of Horus were about the only things we could recognize, though some of the other symbols looked like the name-sigils that ritual magicians plot on planetary magic squares; we would have needed the traditional squares as templates even to attempt to unravel them and I don't carry such things in my camera case.

We put the parchment disc back in the envelope for safety and turned our attention to the letter, which I read out loud to Connie.

'Dear Descendant," it began. "I am afraid I do not know how else to address you; you may be my son Joseph, or one of his children if (as I fondly hope) he has any, or a nephew or niece. Our family is at least large and fruitful enough for me to be reasonably certain that you are a blood relative.

"I am about to die. I would know that even if my doctor, who is a capable if unimaginative fellow, had not told me so. I am not alarmed at the prospect, and if (as I am conceited enough to assume) you have read some of my works, I do not need to tell you why, because I have made my beliefs perfectly clear. I am convinced of the truth of reincarnation, both from what I regard as valid personal awareness, and from a formidable mass of other evidence. However, it is not the purpose of this letter to convince you that my belief is right—merely to explain to you why I am unafraid. My beloved wife preceded me four years ago; Joseph is well launched on his own life; so I have no reason for regret, either.

"One thing, however, does annoy me—a personal and perhaps foolish thing. Allow me to explain. It may be that, by the time you read this, my published works will have gone the way of all literary flesh, and—to put it in practical terms—are no longer paying royalties to my heirs. That would be true of the great majority of authors, so why should I be one of the favoured few? I take pride in my craft, but I am no Shakespeare or even Dickens.

"However, it is possible that some chance of public taste will have preserved or revived a demand for my writings, and that you who read this letter will still be benefiting from their sale. If so, I am glad; blood ties mean a great deal to me, and even if you have never met me, you are the fruit of one of my incarnations. But if you are still benefiting, by the law of the land (unless it has changed meanwhile) you will cease to do so soon after you read this letter, because my works will be out of copyright. And that galls me. Call it undue family pride (and if it is, the fault is part of my karma, not yours) but if there are still rewards to be harvested from my efforts, I do not see why publishers should enjoy them unshared. I would like you, too, to go on sharing them.

'And by a strange coincidence my researches into what is loosely called magic have offered me a solution. I have come across a formula which, I have every reason to believe, can evade the seemingly

inevitable. It is contained in the enclosed talisman though I should warn you, not in what is written thereon alone; the talisman has undergone other processes without which it would remain ineffective.

"To reveal how I obtained the formula would, even in 1980, betray both a confidence and an oath. For the same reason I may not explain to you why the particular date and time I shall give to you is important. All I can ask you to do is to follow my instructions exactly. I can at least promise that you will not be either physically or psychically harmed. It is of the nature of the process involved that it will either work, or fail completely, in which case nothing will happen. But in my judgment-and I am not altogether ignorant in this field-failure is an extremely remote possibility.

"The only other thing I should say is to admit that I do not know how it will work; I do not know the precise sequence of events, or development of circumstances, by which the formula will achieve its objective. But if it does work at all, the objective will be achieved; the copyright will never lapse

Here, then, are the instructions. The time of the operation will be 12.32pm, Greenwich Mean Time, on June 20, 1980, which is the moment of the first quarter of the moon. (To avoid any misunderstanding, I do mean 32 minutes past noon, GMT.) You will perform the operation alone if you are unmarried, or with your wife or husband if you are married. You will prepare yourself, or yourselves, beforehand by complete immersion in a bath of water to which a handful of salt has been added; after drying, you will anoint every inch of your skin with pure olive oil. You will then sit cross-legged on the floor or a bed or wherever is comfortable. One minute before 12.32, holding the talisman with the thumb and forefinger of both hands, you will start repeating your own name—the full Christian names and surnames—out loud, slowly but clearly, over and over again. If there are two of you, you will sit opposite each other, hold the talisman with all four of your hands, and repeat your own names alternately. You will continue to do so until you are certain that 12.32 is well past.

"You will perform this operation without clothes, jewelry, wrist-watches, make-up (in the case of a woman), spectacles, hair-clips, or anything else on your bodies, which must have nothing attached to them except the olive-oil anointing.

"That is all I have to say, except that my love and good wishes go with you. Norman Paul Duffy.

When I had finished reading, Connie and I just stared at each other without speaking. If I had opened my mouth, I don't know what I might have said; that Grandpa was as mad as a hatter-that I couldn't wait to try his formula—that I wouldn't dream of trying it—that I was excited, embarrassed, impressed, frightened. . . I just didn't know. Nor, I could tell, did Connie.

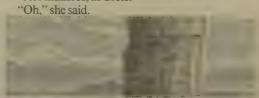
After a while I refolded the letter, put it back in the envelope with the talisman and shut it away in my camera case. We stood up, still without speaking, and started down the hill towards the beach.

Halfway down, Connie said in a small voice: "At least the olive oil would be no problem."

"No."

"Where will we be on the 20th?"

"At Amnissos, in Crete."



That night I rang my sister from the hotel, as of course I had promised, since she was as curious as I

"I was right, Sheila. It was magical stuff. He wants me to try out a formula. A sort of spell."

"What sort of spell? What for?"

"You won't believe this-but to stop his copyrights from lapsing."

'Good God! Well, that I am for. There's only a couple of months to go. You'd better get weaving.'

I never have been able to tell when Sheila is joking, half-joking or serious, so I kept it light. "Can't, I'm afraid. It's got to be done at the time of the first quarter of the moon on the 20th. Ten days' time. We'll still be in Crete.'

"Too bad. I'd have liked to join in."

"The letter says me only, plus wife or husband, if

"Oh, well, it's up to you two then. . . How is 'if any', by the way?

"Fine. Right here beside me."

"Lovely-put her on."

I handed over to Connie, who chattered with her in that semi-telepathic language of half-finished phrases women communicate by. It is hard enough to follow if you can hear both ends, and practically incomprehensible if you can hear only one end.

Afterwards I asked her: "Well?"
Connie lit a cigarette. "Whether we think it's nonsense or not, Mark, we're going to have to do it. Sheila will be so disappointed if we don't at least try."

And so it was decided. Cowardly, really, as we admitted to each other later. We were both dying to try out Grandpa's spell, but we would have felt foolish admitting it. Sheila's (doubtless exaggerated) eagerness gave us the perfect excuse to go ahead, while pretending to ourselves that it was against our better judgment.

The decision made, we proceeded to enjoy our holiday. And a wonderful holiday it was. Six days on the mainland, starting with two in Athens and then visiting Delphi, Mycenae and Corinth. Then a night sea-journey to Crete, for a week there—which was to be followed by a final day and night in Athens and the flight home; but we resolutely closed our minds to the end of it.

We fell in love with Crete; with the tremendous impact of Knossos and its more enigmatic twin, Phaestos; with the remoteness of the Plain of Lassithi and the candle-lit descent into the cave where Zeus was born; with the bustle of Heraklion and the lotuseater charm of Hagios Nikolaos; with the sun and the sea and the mountains—and above all with the people, who are at the same time the most dignified and the friendliest in the world.

For Connie and me, as comparative newlyweds, it was a time of personal alchemy. Three months ago, for various reasons, we had not been able to take a proper honeymoon; now we did. I had always believed Connie and I were made for each other, and the days on Crete proved it. The last barriers faded and the last incomprehensions were made clear. We had reached that precious state, known only to lovers, when it seems at the same time as though everything is known and yet there is infinity awaiting discovery.

Without that closeness, I don't think we could have survived what has followed. By now (whatever "now" means) we might well have escaped into madness or suicide.

But for those days, life was cloudless. We visited all the wonderful places, and in between we lazed at our idyllic hotel, a cluster of pleasant little chalets around a blue swimming pool by the beach at Amnissos where Odysseus once landed. We turned brown and we drank ouzo and retsina and we made friends and we learnt Greek dances and I photographed everything in sight but mostly Connie. We made love in the warm silence of the night, and sometimes on impulse with our bodies still salty from the water of the pool.

We rarely mentioned the parchment talisman or our appointment with the first quarter of the moon, and yet the knowledge of it somehow added a little

tang of excitement to our euphoria, like the slice of lemon in a bland cocktail.

When June 20 finally came, we prepared for Grandpa's "operation" as though it were the most natural thing in the world. The time difference with GMT made it early afternoon, so we skipped lunch. We filled the bath and put in the handful of salt, and immersed and dried each other, hair and all-Connie's is long, so we allowed an extra 10 minutes to use the hair-drier. Then we opened the can of olive oil I had bought in Heraklion market and carefully and rather enjoyably anointed each other all over. Out of consideration for the hotel, we had decided not to sit oilily on the bed, so we spread towels on the floor and sat crosslegged opposite each other with the talisman between us. We had obeyed instructions meticulously; I had laid my watch where I could see it, and Connie had even removed her nail-varnish.

"Which name should I say?" Connie wondered suddenly, "My married one, or my maiden one?"

"Oh... that's a point...

"How about both: Constance Mary Duffy née Chalmers?"

"Covers all contingencies. You'd make a good lawyer yourself." I glanced at the watch. "Three minutes to go."

We picked up the talisman and held it between us, with our thumbs and forefingers.

"Good luck, darling."

"Good luck, my love."

When the minutes on my digital watch flicked to 31, we began: "Marcus Braithwaite Duffy." "Constance Mary Duffy née Chalmers." "Marcus Braithwaite Duffy." "Constance Mary Duffy née Chalmers." The two names, male and female in counterpoint, became hypnotic and then uplifting; just our two names, in our two voices, rhythmically repeated, seemed a twofold mantra of declared love, sealing us off from the outside world...

We lost all sense of time. Then, without warning, we seemed to be sitting inside a living rainbow, which held for a moment, swirled vertiginously, and

plunged us into oblivion.

The morning sun through the floor-to-ceiling net curtains bathed Connie in light, brilliant but soft. From four storeys below us the early clamour of Athens rose out of Omonia Square.

"Come back to bed," I said.

She smiled at me. When Connie, naked, smiles, she seems to smile all over; and in that incredible light...

You know how the feeling of *déjà vu* creeps up on you like a quiet tingling in your nerves? Well, what do you do if instead it hits you like a steam-hammer?

I will tell you what you do. You stare at each other stupidly, with your mouths open.

It was Connie who moved first. She came and sat on the edge of the bed, trembling a little. "Amnesia?" she suggested throatily. "This must be our last morning in Athens. We've forgotten a day and a half..."

"So you're lost, too. How did you know I was?"
She shrugged. "Your face. . . Darling, how did it happen?"

I think I knew the truth even then. Without even thinking, I said: "Con—we aren't tanned. You've no bikini marks."

She looked at me, wide-eyed, and then at herself.

"Dare I look at my watch?" I asked, foolishly. Connie nodded. I looked. It said 7.56, June 10.

"My God," I whispered.

Then, somehow, we pulled ourselves together and started checking properly. None of the things we had bought were among our luggage. The brooch which Connie had lost in the sea at Amnissos lay on the dressing table. The 35mm colour films I had expended so lavishly were still in their cellophane-wrapped packs of six cassettes each. Connie's tubes and bottles of make-up which she had stocked up for

the holiday were still practically full. And so on. There was no doubt about it at all.

Somehow, we had jumped back in time, by 1014 days.

Still unable to take it all in, we nevertheless found that we were ravenously hungry. We dressed and went down to breakfast.



"Now that I've got used to the idea," Connie declared, "I'm really quite excited about it." She grinned at me in that quirky way of hers. "Whatever else, we're getting two holidays for the price of one."

We were leaning in the same shade against the same pillar of Poseidon's temple on Cape Sunion. In our suddently elated mood we had decided it was well worth a second visit.

"One thing seems clear," I said. "We're the only ones who are affected. Everyone else is behaving quite normally. People we've known for 12 days are treating us as though they've only known us for two—and they obviously believe they have. . . After all, we were prepared for *something* to happen. It's pretty staggering, but at least we've got a cause for it—Grandpa's spell. You can't tell me that if all those other people had suddenly found themselves jumping back in time, without any warning or explanation, that they wouldn't all be screaming their heads off. No, this really *is* June 10." As it was. "And we really have come back to it—all by ourselves, in some way, though God knows how."

"Partial success for Grandpa, at least," Connie pointed out. "For us, the lapse of copyright has been postponed for 10 days, if nothing else."

"That's what puzzles me, Con. Grandpa's letter was positive that it would work either completely or not at all. And somehow I'm inclined to believe him. So why this bit of back-tracking? Where does it fit in, and what happens next?"

"We shan't know that till after the 20th, shall we?... Oh, talking of Grandpa's letter—where is it? Still unopened in your suitcase?"

"Oh, Christ, I forgot to look. We'll see when we get back."

But it wasn't in my suitcase, or anywhere else. The letter had simply vanished.

On a sudden thought I rang my sister. She sounded pleased and surprised to hear from us so early in the holiday, and we exchanged family pleasantries. Then I said casually, "Today's the 10th. Aren't you curious about Grandpa's letter?"

A moment's silence from Sheila's end, and then, sounding genuinely puzzled: "What letter, Mark?"

I got out of it somehow, pretending that it was a laboured joke which had misfired, and changing the subject.

Afterwards Connie said: "Well, that's it. Grandpa's letter has been cut out of history, except in your memory and mine. All part of the spell, I suppose, however it's working. . . Let's forget it, darling, and enjoy our bonus 10 days."

We did. We had an even better time, because we knew which places we wanted to spend more time on, and which less. We knew the little cafes, from the start, which we had not discovered until near the end first time round. We knew which members of our tour were worth making friends with quickly, and which were better kept at a polite distance. We swam and we got brown and we made love.

We coasted happily along until midday on the 20th. Then suddenly Connie looked at me and said: "Darling, I'm scared. I don't know why. I just want this afternoon to be *over*."

"I'm a bit on edge myself, love," I admitted. "Silly, isn't it? Let's have a swim and take our minds off it."

So we skipped lunch again and played around like dolphins in the warm sea-water of the swimming pool. We forgot our apprehension, and we forgot time too.

Until, without warning, the water round us was a liquid rainbow, which steadied, swirled, and flung us into darkness.

The last thing I remembered was our two hands, reaching out and clutching each other.

The morning sun through the floor-to-ceiling net curtains bathed Connie in light, brilliant but soft. From four stories below us the early clamour of Athens rose out of Omonia Square...

Connie screamed. I think I did, too.

So far, we have lived through those 10½ days 87 times. That is nearly two and a half years of our own private calendar.

Our Greek is now fluent and idiomatic. We know the life histories of our fellow-holidaymakers in wearisome detail, and we have had to be very careful to hide the fact with each fresh start. We know Knossos, Phaestos, Delphi, Mycenae, Corinth, and the Athens and Heraklion museums rather better than our guides. We know every street of Heraklion and Hagios Nikolaos, and we have quite an extensive familiarity with Athens and the Piraeus. I have taken upwards of 50,000 photographs, none of which has ever been processed, because to stop taking them, or to mime with an empty camera to satisfy the fellowtravellers who already knew, before June 10, that I was an enthusiast, would be finally to admit defeat. We have got brown 87 times over. How many times we have made love we would neither count nor guess, because that would somehow be to violate the one continuity which keeps us sane.

Connie has spent two and a half years practically certain that she is seven weeks pregnant, and her ability to live with that endlessly postponed hope is quite enough by itself to define her as a very remarkable woman.

We have wondered sometimes whether to try a dash home for a few days in London. But we had let our house to someone else for the fortnight—and to face our much-loved families, and our old friends, across an iron curtain of incommunicable knowledge would be more than we could bear. While this limbo lasts Athens and Amnissos must be our home, and a handful of tourists, waiters, guides and couriers, whom we have known for two and a half years but who have never known us for more than 12 days, must be our friends.

We have learnt some techniques to make repetition less repetitious. We tend to alternate between being the life and soul of one tour, and being virtual hermits on the next; or between being dedicated amateur archaeologists and being philistine hedonists. We have even been able to do a little good, perhaps; we were able to save the marriage of one sad couple, after watching it reach breaking-point for maybe the 50th time, because by then we knew so much about them that we knew the precise catalyst needed to heal their wounds, and applied it. The only trouble is, of course, that we have had to apply it anew each time since; it has become a duty we have not the heart to neglect.

But if we are not careful we may come to hate even these evanescent friends we have. Hate them through sheer envy of the fact that *they* are going home, while we seem doomed to reawaken again and again in that sunlit hotel room four storeys up from Omonia Square. For ever and ever, amen.

We are tired. We want to go home. We want our child to be born, not to remain for always a bundle of cells in Connie's grieving womb. We want to live our lives. We want to die of old age.

Damn you, Grandpa, what went wrong? Get us out of here!

## LONDON'S LASTALAMPLIGHTER

by Micky White



Cliff Buhlmann is the only lamplighter in London today. Employed by North Thames Gas for the past five years, Buhlmann has the task of lighting the 102 gas lamps of the Inner and Middle Temple.

There are some 1,400 lamps left in London—200 in Covent Garden and 400 around Buckingham Palace, St James's and Westminster Bridge, for example—but only those at Inner and Middle Temple are lit by hand. Buhlmann arrives every day just before twilight to light the lamps, which takes him about one and a half hours. And he returns at dawn the following morning to extinguish them.

London's other gas lamps are turned on automatically by a clock, which Buhlmann winds up once a week. After his round of the Temple, he checks that the others are on. Buhlmann also maintains all London's lamps, with eight lamp attendants.

Gas is thought of today principally in its domestic context, but its first application was in lighting and in 1812 the Gas Light & Coke Company was founded to provide gas lamps. It was 20 years earlier, in 1792, that gas lights were first demonstrated, by William Murdoch, the Scottish inventor who worked with Matthew Boulton and James Watt.

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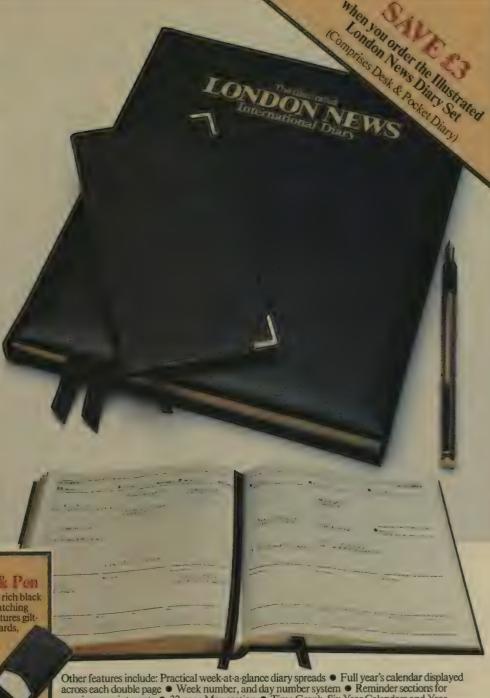
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## A CRAFTSMAN'S ART

The drystone walls on this page were photographed in the North Yorkshire Dales. Drystone walling is a method of building walls that is no more and no less than its description. No bricks, no mortar, just dry stones which are carefully selected for size and shape and, with the skill and experience of the builder, meticulously arranged as a wall. It is a tribute to these craftsmen that drystone walls remain effective for centuries. Larger stones at the base of the wall give support, smaller ones are used at the top and to fill in spaces. Photographs by Colin Smith.









# CHRISTMAS GIFT BRINGER

by Ursula Robertshaw

Any time after the end of October—earlier every year, it seems—a familiar red-robed figure with a white beard of dubious authenticity, a florid complexion and a wary look in the eye heralds the beginning of the season of extravagance and indulgence. With statutory ho-ho-hos, and sometimes free balloons for those who push hardest, Pied Piper-like he marshals a flock of children to his grotto, winter wonderland, kingdom of sweets, magic underwater cave, or whatever other transformation scene the store which employs him has been able to conjure up.

He is, of course, Father Christmas, and he is regarded by the children who surround him with suspicion, affection, embarrassment, disdain, terror, cynicism—according to age, temperament and indoctrination—but above all with cupidity. For he is recognized as the gift-bringer, the representation or symbol of Christmas present-giving; and the pink- or blue-paper-wrapped parcels he doles out from his tinsel-decked throne to those whose parents have paid the required fee are seen by most of his young audience only as tokens of better things to come.

In this incarnation Father Christmas is a commercial invention which has been extended to embrace the use of his figure on all kinds of merchandise: on wrapping paper and cards, on special packs for sweetmeats, cosmetics, liquor, stationery and what-have-you. and on advertisements of all kinds. He will leer at you from your TV set, extolling the virtues of some expensive electronic toy, or grin down from a hoarding where he is seen with a sack full of cigars, or he will appear on a leaflet pushed through your door bearing tidings of extraordinary bargains to be had at the local supermarket.

In this guise Father Christmas is merely an aid to commerce, but the old gentleman himself has ancient and venerable roots. He is really a mix of two figures, one secular, if not pagan, the other religious. The Christian Church, which has wisely always made use of the precept "adopt, adapt and improve", created the figure Old Christmas, who appears in the oldest of our mumming plays. He introduces St George's Play by clearing a space with his club for the actors to perform—Hardy described this in The Return of the Native. He is attended by sons and daughters who include Mis-



rule, Carol, Minc'd Pie, Gamboll, Post and Paire, New Year's Gift, Mumming, Wassail and Offering—a pretty pagan assembly, but indicating jollity at the year's end.

The St George's Play dates from the Middle Ages, by which time Old Christmas was evidently well established. In the early 19th century he is frequently pictured evergreenwreathed and presiding over a steaming bowl of wassail—often spiced beer or mulled wine. Such representations suggest not only the Christianizing of the ancient feast of Saturnalia-which celebrated the turn of the year and usefully gave opportunities for feasting on the beasts that would have had to have been killed in any case as fodder ran out at the end of winter and the salting vats became full-but also a link with the Druids. The wassail bowl originally had a sacred intention, connected with insuring fecundity in cattle and a good crop of apples. Indeed, apple trees are still wassailed in several places in England, sometimes at Christmas, sometimes on New Year's Eve, when

bowls of cider are sacrificed to the apple trees, which are also ritually beaten with sticks, in order to promote a good crop in the coming year. Naturally, a good deal of cider has also to be imbibed by the celebrants during these ceremonies.

Thus Father Christmas's long robe may be seen as a relic of his former priestly function, his long beard a sign of his venerable age. Red is the colour of fire—and the season is one for blazing hearths, comforting contrast to the dark days and long winter nights, and a symbolic looking forward to the strengthening sun in the months to come. The sack of toys on his back is a reminder that Old Christmas was originally furnished with a hump; and his hood and boots are suitable gear for one of the personifications of winter. An early 19th-century engraving by Moritz von Schwind shows a hooded figure of the Christmas Man, carrying a fir tree with lighted candles on it, who might pass muster in a London store

The other side of Father Christmas's

dual personality is St Nicholas or Santa Claus. St Nicholas, whose day is December 6—a date when in many countries Christmas festivities begin was a fourth-century bishop of Myra in Asia Minor much given to good works and kindness to maidens, of whom he is the patron saint. One of his bits of philanthropy was to toss three bags of gold through the windows of three sisters in need of dowries-thus he is, by the transformation of bags into balls of gold, the patron saint of bankers and also of pawnbrokers. He is also patron saint of sailors (owing to his alleged power over storms), of scholars, of thieves and, busy saint, of

His special affection for children was evidenced by a gruesome tale of the restoration to life of three boys murdered by an innkeeper, cut up and pickled in either vinegar or brine—versions vary, but none tell if this was mere perversion, a hedge against famine, or an idea for an alternative relish to accompany a ploughman's lunch.

Santa Claus is the Dutch version of the name, and in the Netherlands children put clogs full of hay, water and carrots for the saint's horse before the fireplace; and next morning the good ones will find sweets and small gifts in their clogs, while the bad ones will find birch twigs.

Various methods of transport are used by Saint Nicholas, according to where he is operating. In Britain and in the United States he comes by sleigh from the land of snow and ice, the North Pole: and in America, since 1939, his team has been led by a reindeer with a red nose. In both the Netherlands and Spain he arrives by ship, continuing his journey overland on a white horse. In other countries the bringer of gifts may come by camel, or even a goat team; and I have seen a photograph of him arriving at Bondi Beach, Sydney, in a surf boat, looking remarkably hot, and rowed by a crew of young men with very little on.

Today, as can be seen on many a Christmas card, he makes use of trains, cars, bicycles, aeroplanes, helicopters, even space rockets. He moves with the

The popularization of St Nicholas owes much to an American, Dr Clement Clarke Moore, who in 1922 wrote a poem for his children called "The Visit of St Nicholas" (now usually called "The Night "→"



Before Christmas"). In it was a minute description of the generous old manbelly as round as a Christmas orange, twinkling eyes, rosy cheeks, cherry nose, white beard, merry dimples; and of his means of transport-"a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer". said sleigh being, naturally, full of toys. St Nick's furry costume was suitably "tarnished with ashes and soot", evidence of previous calls that Christmas Eve. The poem was subsequently published and was an instant success; and the illustration by Thomas Nast, corresponding with the description in Dr Moore's poem, has come to be the authorized version of how Santa Claus should look-in America, that is

In Britain we stick to the older version, Father Christmas, with the long robe that can so easily be a dressing gown transformed, with the large comcealing beard, and with the hoots which are not so very different from Dad's Wellies. To keep Dad happy, however, during visits to grottoes and magic kingdoms, Father Christman is often given female assistants whose costumes are far less concealing than his. These attendant elves may be said to derive from the Scandinavian nisser, gnomes who would administer reward or purishment at this season.

or punisment at time season.

Despite variations in the traditions from country to country, however, Father Christmas and St Nicholas/
Santa Claus are now thought of as synonyms for the same Christmas gift-bringer, and whether we still believe in him or not, he is likely to endure as long as people seek to enliven December with goodwill festivities and generosity. Whether he flies over Brooklyn Bridge or over the Houses of Parliament, who better than St Nick to call out, on Christmas Eve as he departs on his seligh:

"Happy Christmas to all, And to all a good night!"



## 100 YEARS AGO

This pair of engravings, published together in the ILN just before Christmas in 1885, demonstrate two things: that the British family dog was very much a power in the land even at that time; and that such pets were well able to distinguish between a potential threat, to be fiercely excluded from proximity to the beloved mistress, and a well cooked meal, which might form part of the reward for loyal and brave service.



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# CHRISTMAS QUIZ

1 These well-known London buildings have all been camouflaged. Do you recognize them? The answers are revealed on page 82 and there are more questions on pages 78 to 81.

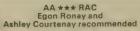














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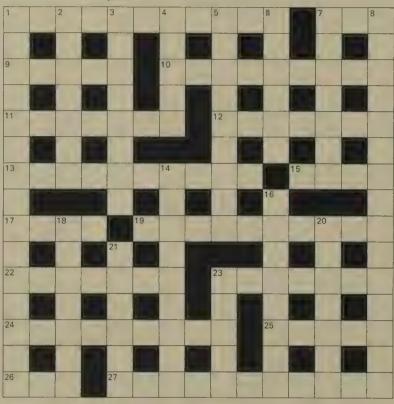
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#### CHRISTMAS QUIZ

#### 2 Crossword by Edmund Akenhead

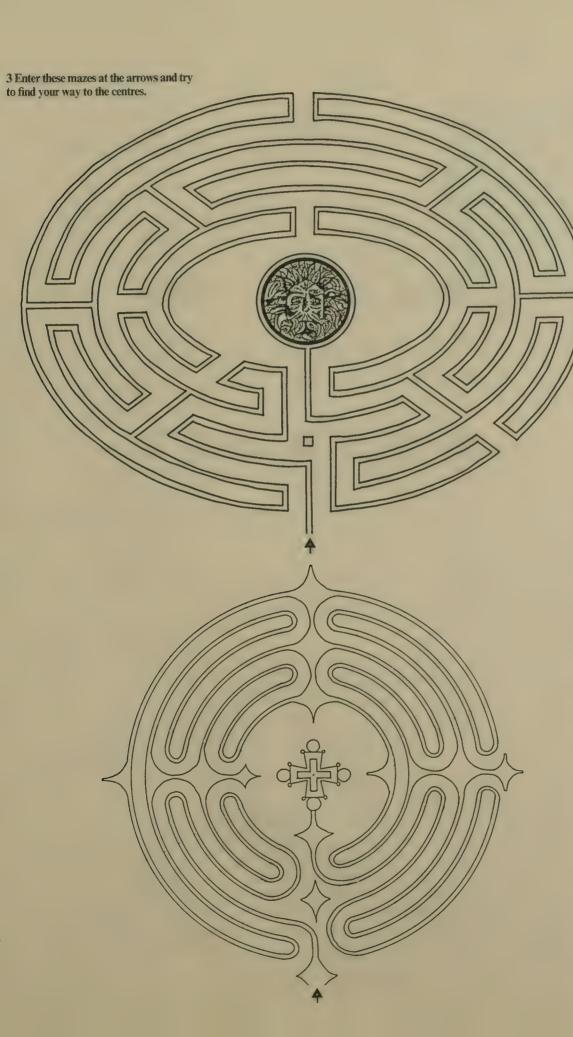


#### Across

- I Customary object of exhortation on Stir Up Sunday. (4,7)
- 7 Short fling. (3)
- 9 Rose's guardian this old character? (5)
- 10 Not a top-drawer outfit from the head of the French philosopher. (9)
- 11 Record it, Herbert, on stone—the final judgment. (7)
- 12 Trickery that may slow down the racing driver. (7)
- 13 Assignment in coal a lot disorganized. (10)
- 15 We hear one of the best tennisplayers is to give up. (4)
- 17 Raised row with one who binds? (4)
- 19 Like artificial limbs for professionals getting the muscular spasm. (10)
- 22 Do a turn perhaps in, say, the Albert Hall, (7)
- 23 Supply of cutlery in place of private entertainment. (7)
- 24 Would watchers invalidate this literary work? (3-6)
- 25 Furnish quarters with appropriate finish. (5)
- 26 The girl to take to court. (3)
- 27 Where Mr Wardle entertained Pickwickians at Christmas. (7,4)

#### Down

- 1 The Missing Link? Ape with short punch it might be. (15)
- 2 Luxor, first-class return, but money misplaced—so like a wife! (7)
- 3 Errant Nazi drops one, caught by coppers in Cornwall. (8)
- 4 Chevalier's mate for two-score years. (5)
- 5 Press vexed by German award. (4,5)
- 6 Family doctor is so upset internally by scandal. (6)
- 7 Incomplete index reference to "percolation"? (7)
- 8 Pleasant, if always unpredictable, this play. (3,5,3,4)
- 14 Sailor boy wearing this jacket? (9)
- 16 Boxer in difficulty in this court. (8)
- 18 Qualify in French—right. (7)
- 20 Agent for revolutionary movement, otherwise related...(7)
- 21 ...or not, like the wealth of Croesus? (6)
- 23 Waits for Dickens's Christmas contribution. (5)



4 Who are these people and why did they appear in the ILN in 1985?









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#### CHRISTMAS QUIZ

#### 5 On whose books were the following films based?

a All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)

b A Farewell to Arms (1932)

c The Last of the Mohicans (1936)

d Rebecca (1940)

e The Grapes of Wrath (1940)

f National Velvet (1944)

g The African Queen (1951)

h From Here to Eternity (1953)

i The Naked and the Dead (1958)

k Saturday Night and Sunday Morning

1 Village of the Damned (1960)

m To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)

n The Comedians (1967)

o Catch 22 (1970)

p Barry Lyndon (1975)

q Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)

#### 6 Name the following:

a The seven dwarfs

b The seven deadly sins

c The seven wonders of the ancient world

d The 12 disciples

e The 50 states of the USA

f T.S. Eliot's four quartets

g Shakespeare's 37 plays

h The three Rhinemaidens

j The nine Valkyries

#### 7i Which mathematical formulae would you use to calculate the following?

a The area of a circle

b The area of a triangle

c The circumference of a circle

d The volume of a sphere

ii What substances do the following chemical symbols represent?

a Na; b K; c Fe; d Pb; e Ag; f Sn; g Au; h Hg.

#### 8i With what were the following Greek characters associated?

a Adonis

**b** Helios

c Boreas

d Apollo

e Moros

f Ganymede

g Asclepius

h Thanatos

i Hephaestus

#### ii Who were the Greek counterparts of the following Roman deities?

a Victoria

**b** Neptune

c Proserpina

d Mercury

e Juno

f Liber Pater

#### 9 What were the pseudonyms of these people?

a Leslie King

b Reginald Dwight

c Guido di Pietri

d Fred Austerlitz

e David Green

f Derek Jules Gaspard Ulric Van den

Bogaerde

g Karl Herbert Frahm

h Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski

j Issur Danielovitch Demsky

k William Pratt

1 Eric Arthur Blair

m Iosif Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili

n Erich Weiss

#### 10 Who said the following?

a "I like your opera. I think I will set it

b "He is every other inch a gentleman." c "In defeat unbeatable, in victory un-

bearable.' d "I deny that I said actors are like cattle. I said they should be treated like cattle."

e "I've had a wonderful evening but this wasn't it.'

f "I thought nothing of her writing. I considered her a 'beautiful little knitter'.'

g "Wagner's music is better than it sounds.

h "I like Wagner's music better than any other music. It is so loud that one can talk the whole time without people hearing what one says."

i "I am not the greatest conductor in this country. On the other hand I'm better than any damned foreigner."

k "Always forgive your enemies—but never forget their names.'

1"Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same."

#### 11 In stage productions or films this year who played the following characters?

a Commander Queeg in The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial

b Cleopatra in Antony and Cleopatra c Professor Godbole in A Passage to

d T. S. Eliot's wife in Tom and Viv

e Mozart in Amadeus f Ruth Ellis in Dance with a Stranger

g Captain Bligh in Mutiny!

h Susan in Desperately Seeking Susan

#### 12 What subjects do the following sciences cover?

a cetology

b epidemiology c hagiology

d ichthyology

e rhinology foncology

#### 13 Continue the following quotations:

a "If music be the food of love ... b"In Xanadu...

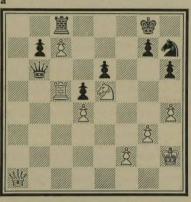
c "Though I speak with the tongues of

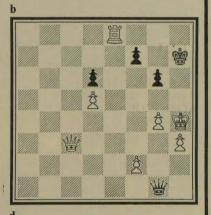
d "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?...

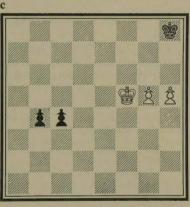
#### 14 Chess by John Nunn

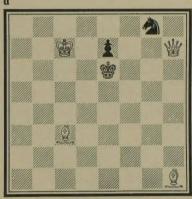
In the first diagram White is to play and you have to discover how he finished the game off quickly. Black (to move) is a rook down in diagram b; how did he escape from this desperate situation and save the game?

White is to play again in the last two diagrams, which are both composed positions. The objective in diagram c is to find a win for White, while in the final position White is to mate in three moves









#### 15 Bridge by Jack Marx

a South's hand is:

A 106532 A85432

A Void

West has dealt at the score North-South Game and the bidding proceeds: South West North Fast

1 A RDL No No DBL No No DBL No

What should South call now?

b South's hand is:

♥AK643 ♣A865 ♠ Void • A642

South has dealt at Game All and has bid One Heart. East-West do not bid and North responds Two Diamonds.

c The hands of West and East are:

**♠**A75 ♥873

♠K862 VAQ

**♦ KJ63** Q4 AK842 **4**753

What should South call now?

No 3 9 5 0 DBL No No No

What should South lead? Why? NB On the reliability of the bidding all round, it is perhaps fair to say that none of it is unintelligent.

At the score East-West Game, West has dealt and opened One Club, North has bid One Heart and East has become declarer at Three No-trumps. South leads Heart Two to Three, King

Indicate the plan affording East the best chance for his contract.

and Ace.

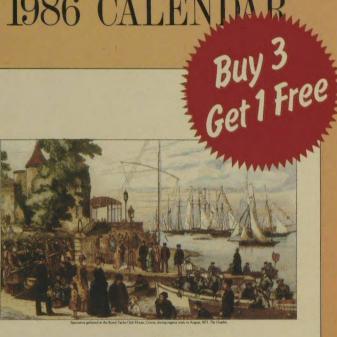
d South's hand is: **♠**KQJ84 ♥J76

**♦**642 ♣Q6 South has dealt at the score East-West Game and the bidding has proceeded:

South West East 2 💙 3 4 All Pass RDL No



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1A The Houses of Parliament
B The National Gallery
C Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus
D The Old Bailey
E The Science Museum

4 A The Venerable Wilfred Wood, the first black Bishop (of Croydon) in the Church of England; B Enver Hoxha, the Prime Minister of Albania, who died in April; C Robert Mugabe, Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, which celebrated five years of independence in April; D RAF Squadron-Leader Nigel Wood who was selected to be the first Briton in space.

5a Erich Maria Remarque; b Ernest Hemingway; c James Fenimore Cooper; d Daphne du Maurier; e John Steinbeck; f Enid Bagnold; g C.S. Forester; h James Jones; j Norman Mailer; k Alan Sillitoe; l John Wyndham (*The Midwich Cuckoos*); m Harper Lee; n Graham Greene; o Joseph Heller; p W.M. Thackeray; q Joan Lyndsay.

6a Happy, Grumpy, Dopey, Sneezy, Sleepy, Bashful, Doc; b Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Envy, Gluttony, Anger, Sloth; c Pyramids, Hanging Gardens of Babylon, Statue of Zeus by Phidias, Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, Colossus of Rhodes, Pharos Alexandria; d Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, Matthew, James (of Alphaeus), Simon, Judas Iscariot, Thaddeus (or Judas of James); e Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming; f Burnt Norton, East Coker, The Dry Salvages, Little Gidding; g All's Well That Ends Well, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Antony and Cleopatra, As You Like It, Coriolanus, Cymbeline, Hamlet, Henry IV, 1 and 2, Henry V, Henry VI, 1, 2 and 3, Henry VIII, Julius Caesar, King Lear, Love's Labour's Lost, Measure For Measure, Much Ado About Nothing, Macbeth, Othello, King John, Richard II, Richard III, Romeo and Juliet, Pericles, The Comedy of Errors, Titus Andronicus, Timon of Athens, The Taming of the Shrew, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Merchant of Venice, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Twelfth Night, Troilus and Cressida, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest; h Woglinde, Wellgunde, Flosshilde; j Brünnhilde, Gerhilde, Ortlinde, Waltraute, Schwertleite, Helmwige, Siegrune, Grimgerde,

 $7i \ a \ mr^2; b \frac{1}{2} \ base \times height; c \ 2\pi r; d \frac{4}{3}\pi r^3.$   $ii \ a \ Sodium; b \ Potassium; c \ Iron; d \ Lead; e \ Silver; f \ Tin; g \ Gold; h \ Mercury.$ 

8i a vegetation and rebirth; b the sun; c the north wind; d prophecy, medicine and healing; e destiny; frain; g healing; h death; i blacksmiths.

ii a Nike; b Poseidon; c Persephone; d Hermes e Hera; f Dionysus.

9a Gerald Ford; b Elton John; c Fra Angelico; d Fred Astaire; e David Ben-Gurion; f Dirk Bogarde; g Willy Brandt; h Joseph Conrad; j Kirk Douglas; k Boris Karloff; l George Orwell; m Joseph Stalin; n Harry Houdini.

10a Beethoven; b Noël Coward; c Churchill (on Montgomery); d Alfred Hitchcock; e Groucho Marx; f Edith Sitwell (on Virginia Woolf); g Mark Twain; h Oscar Wilde; j Sir Thomas Beecham; k Robert Kennedy; l Bernard Shaw.

11a Charlton Heston; b Diana Rigg; c Alec Guinness; d Julie Covington; e Tom Hulce; f Miranda

PLUMPUDDING E R TROUSSEAU THORN EPITAPH CHICAN ALLOCATION 5 PROSTHETIC A ROTUNDA CANTEEN ENDUE OTBOILER 0 R NGLEYDELL SUE

Richardson; g Frank Finlay; h Madonna.

12a whales; b epidemics; c saints; d fishes; e the nose; f tumours.

13a "If music be the food of love, play on; Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting, The appetite may sicken, and so die. That strain again! it had a dying fall: O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound That breathes upon a bank of violets, Stealing and giving odour! Enough! no more: 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou, That notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there, Of what validity and pitch so'er, But falls into abatement and low price, Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy, That it alone is high fantastical."

Shakespeare, Twelfth Night
b "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

Coleridge, Kubla Khan
c "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of
angels, and have not charity, I am become as
sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the trutt Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child I spake as a child. I

When I was a child I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but

when I became a man I put away childish things:

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."

I Corinthians, Chapter 13
d "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course

untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."
Shakespeare, Sonnet 18

14a White cashed in on his advanced pawn by means of the queen sacrifice 1 Q-R8!. After 1... RxQ 2 P-B8 = Qch RxQ 3 RxRch N-B1 4 RxNch K-R2 (after 4... KxR 5 NQ7ch White will be a piece upj 5 P-R5 Black was faced by the threat of N-N6 followed by R-KR8 mate. He could only prevent this by the desperate move 5... P-N4 but after 6 PxP ch K-N2 7 R-P3ch K-N1 8 N-Q7 he resigned, since after the queen moves White mates by N-B6ch and R-R7 (or P-N7). (Timoshenko-Gutop, USSR, 1984.)

b Black saved half a point with the combination 1...QxBPch 2 K-N5 (not 2 Q-KN3 P-N4ch when Black wins) P-B3ch! 3 QxP Q-R5ch! 4 KxQ P-N4ch and all White's four legal moves leave Black in stalemate. (Najdorf-Kurtic, Mar del Plata, 1984.)

c The surprise lies in the paradoxical first move 1 K-N6!, by which White appears to obstruct the advance of his own pawns. Black has two possible defences, but they both fail: 1...P-N6 2 K-B7 P-N7 3 P-N6 P-N8=Q 4 P-N7ch K-R2 5 P-N8=Qch K-R3 6 Q-N6ch (the only way to win, for otherwise material is equal) QxQch 7 PxQ P-B6 8 P-N7 P-B7 9 P-N8=Q P-B8=Q 10 Q-N6 mate or, alternatively, 1...K-N1 2 P-R6 P-N6 (2...P-B6 3 P-R7ch K-R1 4 K-B7 P-B7 5 P-N6 P-B8=Q 6 P-N7ch KxP 7 P-N8=Qch K-R3 8 Q-N6 mate) 3 P-R7ch K-R1 4 K-R6 P-N7 5 P-N6 P-N8=Q 6 P-N7 mate. The reasoning behind White's first move is that in one variation the king needs to move to KB7, while in the other KR6 is the best square. KN6 is the only placement which gives immediate access to both. (Composed by E. Dvizov, 1965.)

d 1 B-KR8! is the only move to force mate in three. The point is that after 1 ... N-B3 2 Q-N6 Black is not stalemated because the bishop has crossed the square KB6, so when Black's knight moves there the king is allowed to move to K4. The solution ends 2 ... K-K4 3 Q-K4 mate. (Composed by L. Kubbel, 1909.)

15a Suggested percentage awards for various answers:

Pass—100: 3♦—50: 3♠—40: 2♠,4♠,4♠—30
When this hand actually occurred in a large pairs tournament some years ago, to pass turned out to be the only way to secure a plus score.

West implied by his second-round double that with no great high-card strength, he had a decided liking for the unbid suits, at least one of which he hoped his partner could support. Everything about the auction so far suggests that neither side has a decent fit and anyone buying the contract may well be the victim of a disastrous misfit. At spade contract above a modest level, South's long tail of small diamonds could be a serious liability South's is perhaps an unusual hand to be willing to play in defence, but it is not unattractive as such, once it is concluded that game is unlikely, With two Aces and a void in partner's suit, it is a good deal better than it might be for a mere onelevel response. One player who had to face the situation at the table confessed he was too unim-

b 3 -100; 4 -80; 4 -50; 6 -40; 3 -40; 3 -40

With this sort of hand partner can usually be relied on to respond in one's least favourite suit, but perhaps he has not been all that considerate in failing to do so. South has a tricky problem in conveying the nature of his hand to partner in spite of or rather because of, the favourable response. Four Diamonds is commonly considered forcing here, but is unhelpful descriptively when the hand is so rich in controls. Three Clubs is universally regarded as forcing for one round, but leaves a lot to be explained later, including the fine trump support. An advance cue-bid has much to be said for it, since it says a great deal all in one breath. Four Clubs would seem to have an edge over Four Spades, not because it is an Ace rather than a void, but because it is more economical of bidding space. There may still be an opportunity of showing the other black control at the four level or even, if it seems desirable, as a grand slam try, at the five level.

c Totting up his directly available certain tricks, East can count on only six, four in the majors and two in clubs. The odds favour a three two club break, but even with that the total comes to no more than eight before the defence has cleared its heart length. Declarer must therefore plan to secure one additional trick before defenders can regain the lead. From the bidding, North seems almost certain to hold the vital entry of the Ace of Diamonds. Consequently at trick two dummy should be entered with a top club and a small diamond led up to East's two honours. If North at once takes his Ace, declarer has three diamond tricks with two each in the other three suits. If North ducks the diamond, East will win and turn his attention to clubs. With the essential favourable club break, East will take four tricks in the majors, one diamond and four clubs.

d Any Diamonds—100: Spade King—70: Heart Jack or Six; Club Queen—20

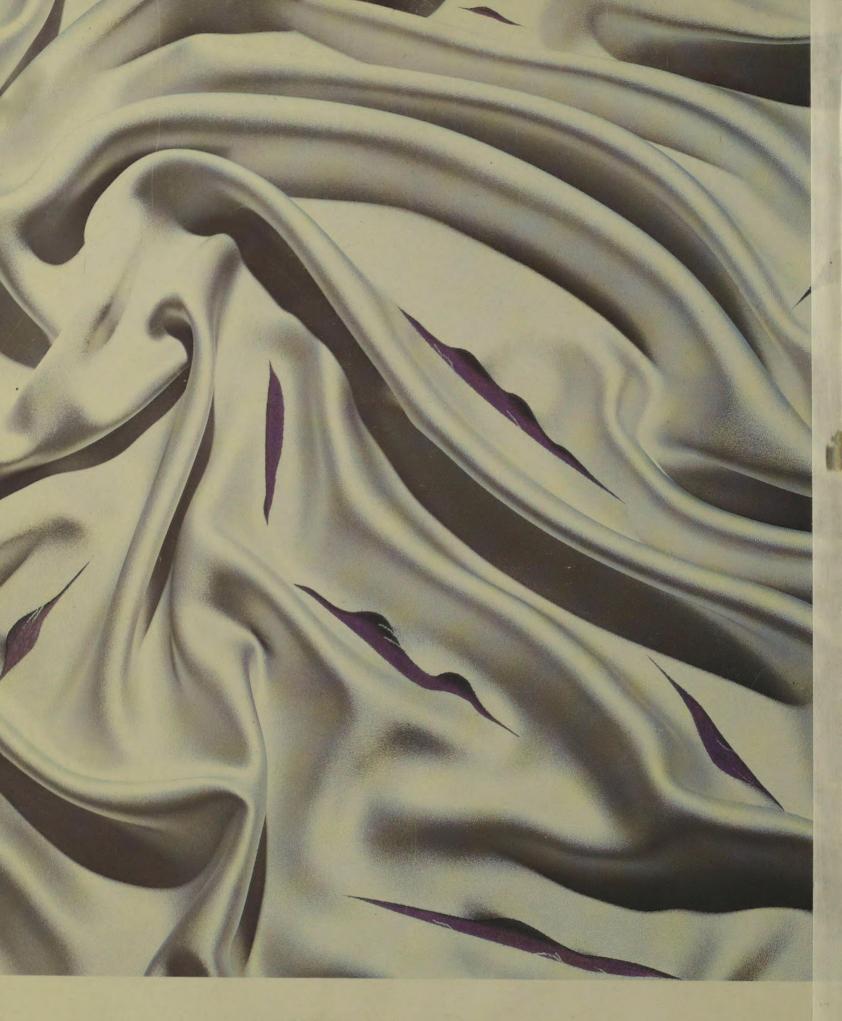
If the bidding is to escape the stigma of unintelligence, the vulnerable West should not be redoubling his non-vulnerable opponents unless he expects to defeat very handsomely the contract to which they may consequently withdraw. West must be presumed therefore to have a substantial holding in hearts. Since he has bid Spades and supported diamonds, he must be short in clubs, a suit likely to be shared between North and East. As East will not be able to develop a great deal in the side suits, steps should be taken to cut off his alternative source of tricks, his capacity for crossruffing.

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